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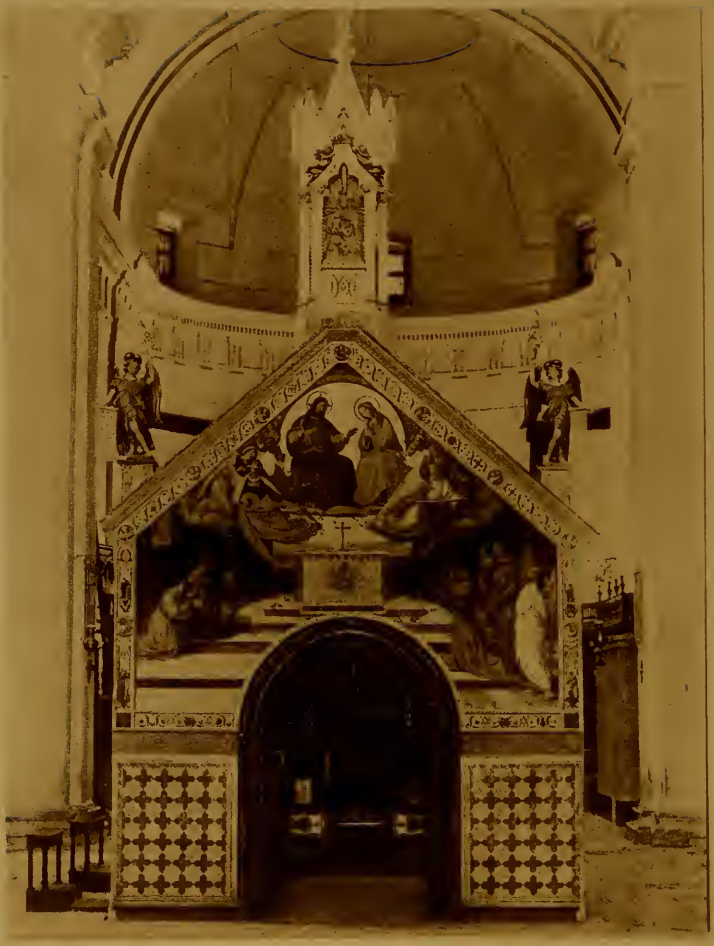

The Portiuncula at Assisi

The birthplace of the Franciscan order. It stands within the walls of a great Church in the valley below the ridge on which is Assisi. Here St. Francis heard the answer to the question what to do with his life in the Gospel from the ancient missal for the Festival of St. Matthias, St. Matthew x:7-19. A suggestive place of pilgrimage for a modern San Franciscan.

SOME WORLD-CIRCUIT SAUNTERINGS

BY

WILLIAM FORD NICHOLS

PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS · SAN FRANCISCO

TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON JOHN ABBOTT EMERY, CHAIRMAN, AND THE COMMITTEE OF THE CLERGY AND LAITY AS REPRESENTATIVES OF SEVERAL THOUSAND WHO CO-OPERATED WITH THEM IN ARRANGING THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF MY EPISCOPATE, THE FESTIVAL OF SAINT JOHN BAPTIST, 24 JUNE, 1910, ON A SIGNAL SCALE FOR THE FUNDS OF THE DIOCESE OF CALIFORNIA, AND IN MAKING THESE SAUNTERINGS POSSIBLE. THE REV. DR. JOHN BAKEWELL, PRESIDENT OF THE STANDING COMMITTEE; THE REV. D. CHARLES GARDNER, DEAN OF THE CONVOCATION OF SAN JOSE; THE REV. W. R. H. HODGKIN, DEAN OF THE CONVOCATION OF SAN FRANCISCO; MR. A. N. DROWN, CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE; MR. W. A. M. VAN BOKKELEN, TREASURER OF THE DIOCESE; MR. WILLIAM H. CROCKER, MR. WILLIAM B. BOURN, MR. WILLIAM MINTZER, MR. E. D. BEYLARD; MRS. L. P. MONTEAGLE, PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY; MRS. G. H. KELLOGG, PRESIDENT OF THE HOUSE OF CHURCHWOMEN; MRS. G. W. GIBBS, MRS. G. A. POPE, MRS. W. S. TEVIS, MRS. J. G. SMITH.

"*If you vouchsafe the acceptance tis yours, if the reader can picke out either use or content tis his and I am pleased.*"
—*The World Encompassed.*

FOREWORD

NOTES *of travel are so numerous and world-circuiting is so common by tireless tourists as well as by wireless messages—justifying the* mot *that "world" ought really to be spelled "whirled"—that the Saunterer in this publication has more in mind a sort of Souvenir for those who were the prime movers in arranging for his most happy trip, than the likelihood of any wider circle of readers. He has put together these memoranda from the columns of the Pacific Churchman and the Spirit of Missions, with the thought that they may reach some interested in the Journeyings who may not have had access to those periodicals.*

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SOME WORLD-CIRCUIT SAUNTERINGS

THE START · JOTTINGS ON THE WAY TO NAPLES

"SAUNTER" some think comes from *Sainte terre*, which would make a saunterer literally one who visits the Holy Land. Whether this can pass muster with the "latest unabridged" or not we need not stop to inquire, but the sentiment of such a derivation, even if it is imaginary, seems to happily dictate that particular word for use here. Having been asked to tell something of our trip around the world, the dates and itinerary of which were shaped a good deal by adjustment to a visit to Jerusalem at Eastertime, the "sauntering" in the sense just mentioned seems a not inapt title term. And then when one's big-hearted Diocese has sent him and his family on such a "leave," putting an ample letter of credit in his pocket, starting him out, so to speak, under Church auspices, and his point of view must be everywhere that of a parson, and so lead to the constant "natural selection" of places and phases of life of historic or present day religious interest, and the impressions gathered from it all must perforce be colored a good deal by their bearings upon the faiths of the world, it has seemed to make one in this sense a saunterer during the whole world circuit as he came in contact with many lands held by their respective devotees to be holy. Books of travel, like their writers, may be said to "girdle the earth." And the earth girdles the sun with a modern kodak. All in a general way may be included in the sauntering class. But perhaps even if we attempt nothing of that kind here, we may interpret sauntering a little more technically in keep-

ing ourselves rather instinctively to jottings of religious aspects of the cyclorama, by no means promising, however, always to omit experiences that would certainly put some strain upon the term if they were called solemn.

It was the happiest kind of a God-speed to go directly from that memorable Convention week in January, with its Consecration of Bishop Sanford for San Joaquin and the laying of the cornerstone of the new Divinity School building to really begin the permanent Cathedral Close, added to the usual absorbing interests of those dynamic days for the Diocese. There was a strength and joy in the kind deeds, good wishes and prayers expressed which have seemed to bless the whole trip. Then came the good-byes at the Ferry and Mole and the "Overland Limited," with its unlimited sleep and thorough rest, after the busy days and nights. Then the last days before steamer under the hospitable California roof of Mrs. James Cunningham in New York. Then on Saturday, February fourth, on the *Koenig Albert* in cabins which bore marks of affectionate thought, and with a sheaf of parting messages, the pilgrims, including Mrs. Nichols and Miss Margaret, said the final good-byes to the group of clergy and friends and were soon on the Atlantic—and still on their feet! The second day (Sunday) was not deemed propitious for a public service on the ship, the water being somewhat rough, but we had the service by ourselves in our cabin. And now to leave these details of starting, one of the first reflections which an extended journey is apt to bring is upon the question of the effect of travel-Sundays upon habits of worship. For, however much we may wish to avoid unnecessary travel on Sunday, on extended trips, especially at sea, it is impossible to avoid Sunday travel. Furthermore, of course, we cannot shut our

eyes to the fact that there are many people who do not have regular habits of church-going, travel or no travel. Without entering here into the matter of non-attendance at worship as such, how many there are whose travel-Sundays take them away from the wonted routine and places of worship, in all the thronged thoroughfares of modern tourists, and how many, if a census could be taken on any given Sunday, say in the thick of the season, would be found with no provision for public worship at all! This must tell sooner or later upon the home ways and probably does not a little in the long run to swell the numbers of non-churchgoers. The habit once broken in upon yields gradually to more and more innovation until practically relinquished or only very rarely in evidence. But what can be done about it, so far as it is affected by travel? The world trip itself shows happily that a good deal has been done about it. To find ships provided with Prayer Books and Hymnals, and Captains themselves on occasion reading the services, and officers making it part of their duty to arrange hours, places and choirs, and many passengers in attendance, sometimes, too, those who seldom go to church at home, shows that some of the good traditions of our earliest American Colonial voyagers, when there was a Chaplain Francis Fletcher and a Chaplain Robert Hunt, have been kept up on the water. And on land foreign Chaplaincies of our own Church and of the Church of England enable the traveler who will try to arrange stop-overs accordingly, to have the comfort of Early Celebrations and other Sunday worship. At Dalny, for example, in South Manchuria, it was interesting to be told that the English Chaplaincy is maintained by the personal contribution of the King of England, George the Fifth. Just how public provision for services could be made in railroad trains, on our

Overland Limited, for instance, is somewhat problematical. We are familiar with Church cars, but they are generally, after all, chiefly for use standing still at stations along the line which lack other local provisions. We saw one car in Russia marked with a cross and dome and a sort of bell turret, standing out from the roof, and so making it a conspicuous feature in a train which suggested *en route* services, though the regular trans-Siberian trains had no such appointment so far as we saw. The time may come when in some way our alert railroad caterers to the public wants may find some practicable solution of the problem and in addition to all the other "comforts of home" advertise in their alluring folders, "On the Sundays 'en route,' provision is made for public worship." In the meantime it behooves Christian people to read the Service by themselves when other opportunity does not offer, and to plan beforehand, so far as possible, for reserving Sunday dates for staying over at points—say in foreign lands —where they can learn that there are services in their own tongue. And as the volume of travel increases, and everywhere we are met with the evidence of the large percentage of tourists from America, surely we should think not only of the danger of having our own Sunday ways unsettled and of meeting the danger warily and resolutely, but of turning our thankfulness for pleasure and preservation on land and water to account by interesting ourselves in efforts for those, like the sailors, to whose faithful custody we commit ourselves. Why not make it a maxim at the end of every voyage, for example, to couple with the request for the use of the "Thanksgiving for a Safe Return from Sea" a thank offering for the work of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, or some kindred object. It is a good time to feel and show gratitude.

The first land we spied was the Azore Islands with their green slopes dotted with cottages from which many immigrants come to America, especially to Massachusetts. Whether they land anywhere near Plymouth Rock or not, they surely embark from some pretty notable rocks of their own that must make the seasoned navigator as well as the tenderfoot passenger glad when there is no fog to hide their whereabouts. Church spires seem to pin the villages to the sky and some of the islands are named after Saints, as St. Michael's, a survival as in California history, from the hagiology of the early explorers.

Gibraltar came next with our elastic step ashore, after the deck-round tramps. It is, perhaps, a reluctant tribute to the success of the modern display advertiser, that one half-expected to be met with an argument at the wharf for a life insurance policy "solid as the rock." However, we were soon in its jostling street throngs and craning our necks to see the historic galleries grim with their association of battle battering. The courteous English commandant explained that visitors were not allowed to climb to the heights for closer inspection—and a world trip shows one how shy of spies our world powers have become—and so we were not able to emulate certain of our best esteemed California folk of whom it is currently reported that on a honeymoon trip "lang syne" they not only were permitted to see all there was to be seen in the rock-hewn corridors for cannon, but even with a youthful alacrity of descent, slid down one of the precipitous ways, chute-like, with astonishment to the good English guardians of the Gateway of the Mediterranean! The roadway through the neutral belt between English and Spanish territory just at the hour when we were there was alive with workmen returning to their Spanish homes from Gibraltar and each one's pock-

ets were "patted over" as a persuasive against smuggling. We were fortunate, too, in witnessing the ceremony of the "Key"—the formal locking of the town Gate—and the "Retreat," with a running explanation from an old army pensioner, who happened to be standing by. Our "Gibraltar day" gave us a taste, too, of all the stronghold's natural and historic flavor, the relish of which must ever be especially piquant to Britannia.

Algiers, where we next embarked, was African soil and afforded much forecast of the far Orient in types and garbs of humanity, and narrowness of street and characteristic street scenes, especially in the old town. Differing from most seaports—may it be *some day not* from San Francisco—in having rather an attractive water-front, with long lines of arcaded structures, once in the city, on a first visit at any rate, the desire is to look a dozen ways at once in order not to lose the novelties that treat Occidental eyes on all sides. The guide talks of some of them, and takes you to the ordinary rug factory, and the slippery-lane-like maze of Algiers where young Algiers swarms like bees but where the bee-simile must not in all accuracy be understood to suggest either the honey or the fragrance of flower meads. He, however, would be what Mrs. Partington used to call a "polygon" of a talker if he could begin to answer all the questions in which the avid tourist finds himself plunged by what he sees. The flowing robes of humanity, as deftly managed by the dock stevedore to keep them from getting tangled up with the heavy freight he handles, as by the statuesque dandy strolling the sidewalk, in their variety and splashes, rather than dashes, of color suggest something like the "flags of all nations" and the first impulse is to ask from what section does this one or that one come. But over all the stir and hues of face and raiment,

View of Gibraltar from the sea, showing the town.

The well-known "Rock" of history. Modern ballistics have much changed the war values of its high cannon-galleries, and who knows but that in time its crest may become a notable landing place for aeroplanes as Mediterranean "Liners"?

stand out those mosques with their needle-like minarets to prick the conscience of Christendom as it recalls what North Africa once was—North Africa in the early Christian ages being that strip of Africa along the Mediterranean west of and distant from Egypt which was the name of the region about the Nile and its delta. What other religious conditions might exist in North Africa today, if the traditions of its Cyprian of Carthage and its Augustine of Hippo had been maintained and an aggressive missionary spirit had been at work through the ages with that maxim of St. Cyprian in the plague for the watchword of its propaganda—*Respondere natalibus*—in substance, "Be true to your Christian birthright." There is many a lesson here to any modern Christianity which fails to catch or keep the quickstep of the Apostolic missionary order, "Go."

Our propitious voyage—for we seemed to have had favored winter days from beginning to end, and that just after a severe storm on Atlantic and Mediterranean—ended at Naples, for which most of the ship's company was booked, though the *Koenig Albert* went on to Genoa. We took the earliest opportunity to get, what we made our object whenever we could in visiting cities of interest as the best way to learn the map, the proverbial "birdseye view." This, as so many well know, happens to be literally a church "point of view." We drove to the well known elevation dominating the city where are the Castle of St. Elmo and the old Carthusian Monastery of San Martino, now taken over by the Government, with only two of the former sixty monks left in the residence, one priest and one lay brother. The old cells can hardly know them much longer, as one is now ninety-four and the other eighty-three, and then the whole pile of buildings will be only a museum of rich marbles and other ornaments with serviceless altars

and voiceless stalls and empty treasure shelves. As one hears the hum of life coming up from the city below and the wind whistles around the cloisters, it all seems a mournful requiem over the graves of the departed brothers and the shrines of the departed worship. From a balcony of the monastery at dizzy projection over the city, is a view of Vesuvius, of that wonderful bay and of the pervading charm of sky and sea and sunny slope that all the wealth of photography and all the word-or-brush painting can never in themselves fully visualize. One must simply stand there and look—and look by the hour he can.

And then the day's visit to Pompeii shows what for so long a period after that fateful day in *anno Domini* 79—a few years after the destruction of Jerusalem by armies as this was by ashes—was under the surface, and so hidden from any "birdseye view," as old Herculaneum is today under the cultivated fields and hamlets. Three days before we were at Pompeii, the excavator found a skeleton with some fifty pieces of money near the old descending roadbed which is rutted by chariot wheels and not far from a principal gate of entrance. "Probably some Pompeiian trying to escape with his cash" was the explanation suggested. So anew is an incident of those dire days made graphic as Bulwer Lytton's pen has pictured them. And while as one threads the uncovered streets and notes for good and evil the marks of the dwellers along them in what is left of their shops and homes and temples, he can hardly fail to catch the true archaeological spirit. There is, too, a haunting of the helpless terror of the people, especially when one passes through the museum with its exact moulds of human forms preserved in ashes just as they were distorted and writhing *in extremus*. To anyone who has seen a great modern city under

its powerlessness before an earthquake there comes quickened thanksgivings amid such surroundings, for its escape.

From Naples the next natural realization is that it is on one of the roads all of which "lead to Rome," but if any are interested to follow us there, its "sauntering" must be left to another story.

ROME

In the development of modern special itineraries some day, probably, it will be made easy and guideful for those who enjoy sauntering over sacred pathways to exactly follow the land course St. Paul took to Rome on his first recorded journey there. There could be the "Puteoli Inn" where the tourist could tarry seven days if he wished, as St. Paul with the brethren he found there after his sea experiences. With his modern "hurry fever," however, the aforesaid tourist would probably only tarry long enough to catch the next conveyance. Then he might be sent on his way covering the same ground as that St. Paul must have covered—we heard of one gentleman who had secured a competent guide to visit all the points in Asia Minor mentioned in connection with St. Paul's missionary journeys there. There would be the "Apii Forum" and "The Three Taverns" en route. And so the approach to Rome would have in itself a Scriptural association. As it is, the railroad from Naples carries one past many places of ecclesiastical note, such as Aquino, the birthplace of Thomas Aquinas and Cassasa, with its historical Benedictine Monastery. And the many old castles and strongholds on hills go back to a time when impregnable positions and thick walls and good ranges of outlook were the illustration of conditions under which "The strong man armed keepeth his palace." But Rome itself is the goal and the fastest express is not any too fast for the eager passenger who is to have his first experience of the Eternal City. When it comes to justifying the name of "City of the Seven Hills," however, the approach to it does not altogether accredit the hill features, as one who in the

classical course of his boyhood days from laboring over their names has imagined them against the skyline. When a San Franciscan, moreover, speaks of a city of hills, he means *hills*—hills you know for hills when you climb them, hills that no filling in between has dwindled into mere city undulations. This, however, is only a reflection, not a criticism, because Rome is so old that no one could complain justly if her hills have been worn off some by the attrition of time. Our comfortable hotel, the "Quirinal," was so called after the old hill of that name, on which it stood, but where the "Quirinal" hill left off and its neighbors of the seven began you would have to dig some to find out.

To write anything about Rome itself there must be a progressive process of elimination to begin with. Unless you are to become an oldest inhabitant you must eliminate many points of interest you cannot possibly have time to see. Of those you do see you must eliminate many that you cannot possibly take in intelligently; of those you do take a good look at you must eliminate many you cannot remember, and of those you remember you must cut out many—some because guide books are cheap and full and known by heart almost, and some because space and patience have their limits. The hope must be to "pick and choose" and one recalls how much has been done for us in Bishop Kip's charming "Christmas Holidays in Rome" among many books.

Everyone does not have the advantage of finding old friends in residence at Rome like our Professor Fairclough with Mrs. Fairclough and their daughter of Stanford University and our model Warden of All Saints' Church, Palo Alto, and of feeling the pride in his having been called to spend a Sabbatical Year of furlough in a position of oversight at the American School of Archaeology. Our delightful social visits

at their home and through them the attendance at a Washington's Birthday reception given by the Rev. and Mrs. de Nancrede with its opportunity to see other friends, old and new, I need not dwell. It was all that touch of "California and the flag" in a foreign land which goes to the heart of the wanderer. But to have Dr. Fairclough, with his rare classical attainments and antiquarian authority as a guide around the Forum and the Palatine Hill, experting some of the most recent finds, and making the Cæsars live and move in them again before us was a kind of sight-seeing that cannot be Baedekerized. It is only to be hoped that on his return he may be persuaded to afford wider audiences of our church people and citizens like enjoyment in the stereopticon lectures which he has made so full of interest on other fields. The mere mention of a few places of many will quicken the zest to know more than any guide or book tells, and whet the desire to hear of them from his own lips: the prehistoric memorial of Romulus, still lower than the excavated level of the Forum, the House of Vestal Virgins, Altar where Julius Cæsar's body was cremated, old church near Palatine Hill, School of Pages on Palatine Hill where the celebrated Graffito—or rude caricature—of the Crucifixion was found traced on the wall, House of the Father of Tiberius, to say nothing of the outlining of the great Palaces of the Cæsars. Then what an interest centers about that Church of St. Gregory, not far off, from which St. Augustine, the missionary, with his monks started at the behest of Gregory for that journey which may be said to have found for its goal little St. Martin's at Canterbury, which is so well known to American as well as English pilgrims. Some day let us hope that memorable journey will be discovered to be not a "family-jar" matter but a pride of blood-relationship between the catholic-

Palatine Hill

The seat of many ancient Roman private and imperial palaces. In the "School of the Pages" connected with one of the Palaces of the Cæsars was found on the ruined wall the celebrated Graffito, or rude caricature of the Crucifixion. Professor Boni, the famous archæologist, has announced some new "finds" of great interest in his most recent excavations on this hill.

minded of both Roman and Anglican antecedents, as it really is. The Saint belongs to both.

Of all the ecclesiastical and historical objects of interest associated with St. Peter's—and no one needs to be told how encyclopaedic they are—we went the usual absorbing round, wishing, as usual, to stop over some of them hours rather than by the cadence measure of the tourist trot. An answer once given to the question, "How far can one see with the naked eye on the ocean?" was "A good ways if you include the Sun and Moon and Stars!" So it might be said you can see a good deal, if you call it seeing to "do" notable churches, galleries, museums, or even cemeteries, at the rattling pace that an accommodating guide can take you, if he is by your enforced itinerary instructed to get you through so much in such a time. It is not the guide's fault. It is nothing short of a real accomplishment on his part which ought to evoke admiration. We read a good deal first and last as to what tourists think of their guides. It would be entertaining if some day a guide were raised up to write a book on what guides think of their "Comet" —and a punster might so far forget himself as to add "Go it"—tourists. There was, however, one thing that above all others we set out to see, and one thing which is certainly excelled by nothing thereabouts in vital interest, and that was the famous "Vatican Manuscript" of the New Testament, written in the "Uncial," or large Capital Greek, and one of the very oldest authorities for our Bible in the New Testament. Most carefully preserved in the Pope's great Vatican library, which gives it its name, to look upon its great page in the large handsomely bound volume is a privilege which a Bible student would not willingly forego, and yet in most cases I presume it loses its great perspective in "Seeing Rome" and it is advisable to prompt any guide with the especial direc-

tion to put one in the way of seeing it. There was a time when it was not shown and even the distinguished New Testament critic, Tischendorf, who was instrumental in bringing to light another great early manuscript of the New Testament, known as the "Sinaitic," because found at an old monastery on Mount Sinai, when it was practically consigned to a waste paper basket, and now preserved in St. Petersburg— even Tischendorf was only allowed access to this Vatican Manuscript under most rigid limitations. Since his time, however, there is not only its opening to public inspection, but it has had photographic reproduction page by page. It is an interesting fact that each of the great Catholic branches of Christendom have in their possession at least one of the five early Uncial Manuscripts of the New Testament. There is one in the British Museum, known as the "Alexandrian", for the English Church, besides the Vatican of Rome and the Sinaitic of the Russian Church mentioned above. And here it may not be amiss to mention for the benefit of any who may wish to know in detail about these and other copies of their Bible, a book which is not so technical as to be of interest chiefly to critics, but which in its clearness and fullness and approval of scholars is a valuable recently-edited hand-book for any Bible student: *Our Bible and the Ancient Manuscripts*, by Kenyon.

We drove out the "Appian Way" associated with the footsteps of St. Paul, past the *Domine quo vadis* Church associated with St. Peter as is the Church of St. Peter-in-chains elsewhere which we visited to see the original of Michael Angelo's Moses. Whatever may be the disposition of the modern mind towards the question of omitting Hebrew from the prescribed course for Holy Orders, every time one looks at the "horns" in the copies of that well-known statue of

Moses, he is reminded that they have a bearing upon the knowledge of Hebrew. Moses, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, is held up to the modern generations of library and drawing-room and museums and church habitues, as having horns on his forehead because the great artist, Michael Angelo, had no accurate training in the language Moses had on his tongue. If he had he would not have translated *karnayim*, "horned" instead of "shining" or "dazzling," as we are told he was when he came down veiled from the mountain of fire. We visited the house St. Paul is said to have occupied and were assured that some good authorities believe it is so in answer to that query which is so irrepressible in close identifications, Would St. Paul recognize it any more readily than Moses would "the horns?"

The Appian Way leads out to the Catacombs of St. Callixtus and it is significant of the world-wide concourse of visitors there that the parties for threading the magic-like passages are grouped by their speech, guides of many tongues being needed to conduct them. The monks from a neighboring Trappist Monastery well meet this need. Not the least of new experiences in visiting old points of Church note is the personal opportunity to meet some of the monks. It may be that it further confirms the good brothers of the Trappist Order in the singular merit of the silence which they so rigidly impose upon their day's routine to be exposed to the tongue-thrumming of the ordinary sight-seer. But a most kindly brother, "Brother Henry," took us about and with a gentle manner and such reverent tone, especially when he had occasion to speak of "Our Blessed Lord," that it all harmonized with the sacred avenues of death and suggestions of "the noble army of martyrs," and you felt you were with a man of God as a true monastery product. And no habitual duty with the more

or less matter-of-fact groups he constantly takes on the customary round—which, by the way, only covers a small part of all the tombs—and no breeding of familiarity with the Catacombs, which he could probably thread without the tapers, had indurated into professionalism his real sentiment for the place. There is a striking subject for some painter to convey to those who cannot see the Catacombs for themselves the picture of a holy man with the taper in the gloom and *memento mori* of it all seeming to idealize his face with something of the very *nobilis*—which we translate "noble," but which conveys in the original of the Te Deum the sense of "Shining army of martyrs"—as he leads you through their cavernous resting-places. It at any rate seems far more to edification than some of the artistically arranged skeletons of monks you sometimes find shown abroad propped up in full habit in chambers of the dead.

Two of the hills that have survived as hills, and no mistake, answer the excellent purpose of coigns of vantage for the outlook of the city, the Janiculan and the Pincian, and from them the map is spread before the eyes of the comparatively small area that scaled by its importance in shaping human affairs is measured by eras rather than by acres. *Roma* written in reverse is *Amor* and it defies imagination to conjecture what all Roman history would have been if its chapters had shown the full working of that principle which Bishop Westcott said had never had wide experiment in the affairs of State, the principle of *love* to fellowman. Certainly it would have been a great reversal. And so Colosseum and Pantheon and Arches of Triumph and Warrior-statues and Capitoline Hill and all the other marks and monuments of the polemic past which the itinerary takes in recall one from Utopia to the carriage for the "next thing."

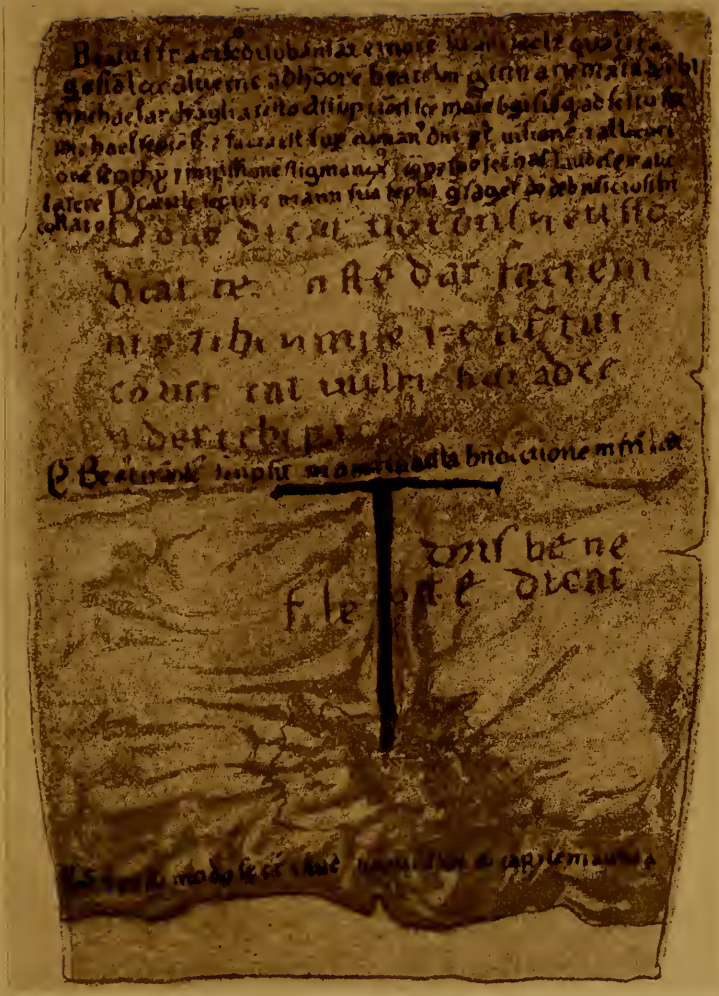
Americans are apt to have their attention called to decorations in the great Church of St. Maria Maggiore made of some of the first gold brought from our newly discovered country and presented to the Pope by Ferdinand and Isabella. This is, of course, "comparatively modern" and even Twentieth Century Rome has an interest which must not be overlooked in the most assiduous rummaging around in the past. Side by side with Hadrian's Castle of St. Angelo were some modern structures of staff for the approaching celebration of the jubilee of the Constitution of Modern Italy, and but a short drive from the landmarks of Cicero and Justinian is the great new Building of the Law Courts. In the city preserving with proud custodianship what the sculptors and builders of Augustan ages have left, the most conconspicuous and extensive memorial of all is the one just dedicated to the memory of Victor Emmanuel. And along the streets where Roman chariots used to rumble were posted flaming notices of a coming "Aviation Meet," which might have taken for its motto that of a college class of lang syne from Horace —"*nec tenui penna*, "Not on feeble wing."

The spell of the "Eternal City" is still there for the sojourner, and even for the "Guest that tarrieth but a day." It is an experience of a lifetime. It is hard to get away from it. It is indeed hard to analyze it. But the sauntering there must have its limit if we are to push ahead around this spinning globe, and our next story carries us to Assisi, the home of our San Francisco's Patron Saint.

ASSISI · PERUGIA · FLORENCE

You see Assisi long before you reach it and it has an interest, aside from its association with St. Francis, in that it is typical of those Italian towns which, like individual castles, were built on commanding eminences for purposes of defense and good sentineling against neighboring towns which might have unneighborly invasion and loot in mind upon occasion. And the history of Assisi is troubled with the record of such visitations from Perugia and other points, to say nothing of passing armies from afar. Again and again has the hill which the modern traveler climbs to reach Assisi, had its steep slopes trodden by the feet of attacking foes who were often repulsed, sometimes successful, but always found the natural defenses of the heights formidable and once, at least, were only able to gain entrance by making use of an exposed city drain.

It is, however, not the town's site, but the town's Saint, that draws thither the greater number of people who go there from all parts of the world. The register of the "Hotel Subasio" shows many names from California and San Francisco, but the wonder is that many more from the State dotted with the names and prizing among its traditions and exhibits the Missions of the Order of St. Francis, do not make it part of their itinerary abroad to go to Assisi. And surely no San Franciscan who feels the indefinable charm and spell of his city would willingly forego the opportunities to see the birthplace and home of the Saint after whom the city is called. For it need raise no clash of controversy to waive all questions about which men differ as to the cult or legends of the Saint, and to recognize his high and holy character



Rare specimen of autographic writing of St. Francis

The Blessing of St. Francis given to Brother Leo in the words of the old Aaronic Blessing, Numbers 6:24-26. To give the words a personal application Francis wrote beneath these words the Latin for "Brother Leo, may our Lord bless thee," and then drew the rude figure of a head and upon it, passing through the letters of Leo's name, he drew the sign *Tau*.

we have yet anything like a municipal "halo" claim —we do have an ideal. Of all the exposition of world welfare at a world's fair, we still believe the prime exhibit must be the sort of humanity the age can show. Let the Golden Gate, as well as "The Narrows," have its symbolic figure at a portal of our country. If our national metropolis has "Liberty Enlightening the World," why not at the new era of the greatest ocean of the world, as it opens out to history-making between the Orient and Occident that is almost beyond the dream of men today,— why not have a new kind of flamen grasped by St. Francis' hand to signify "Character Enlightening the World?" It would give a high "world genius" to the whole Exposition.

All this, of course, is a digression from travel—or rather, a traveling home in thought, which is, after all, really anything but a digression to a world-wanderer. But as it comes from a zest in the matter freshened by the visit to Assisi, so it may point the purpose of some reader not to pass by Assisi the next time he goes abroad, if he has not already been there.

After leaving the train and before going up the ascent to Assisi proper, the guide takes you to the scene of some of the most notable events in the career of St. Francis. The *Portiuncula* is the name given to the little Sanctuary where St. Francis received the call to the religious life, where he founded the Order of Friars Minor, where he founded the "Poor Clares or Order for Women under S. Clara, and where he resolved to found what is known as the "Third Order," for those not cloistered. The small stone shrine known as St. Mary-of-the-Angels has been embellished richly with mosaics and dowered with costly lamps and other offerings and is said to go back in its origin to the middle of the fourth century, and St. Benedict in the sixth century is credited with its

enlargement,—then finally having its restoration by St. Francis' own hands at the beginning of the thirteenth century. It seems all the more minute because over and around it and dwarfing it stands the great Church—the "majestic cupola" of which is directly over the *Portiuncula*—built by Pope Pius V. in 1569. This Church also encloses the cell, converted into a chapel, in which St. Francis died. And in the adjoining garden there is a third sanctuary built over the hut which St. Francis usually inhabited. These and other interesting memorials on the heights of Assisi seem to be free from those doubts of identification which sometimes one finds so hard to dissolve in the quest for genuine antiquity. And so you take the card the kind monk gives you, believing that the bits from shrine, door of cell, pulpit and garden, tiny as most of these bits are, are "the real things."

Going up the grade the drive opens out fine vistas of the surrounding country, including the outlines on the distant hill of the old-time rival and assailant, Perugia, left for the morrow's visit. The old Convent of Santa Clara is first shown not materially different from its appearance in her time, though now occupied by some of the Brothers, the Sisters having their larger convent, to which we next went. There it is an experience unique, with mixed impressions, to be led silently down into a dark crypt deep in the earth where a Sister, half-hidden in the gloom, with her mien well in keeping with all the surroundings, soon reverently adjusts lights so that suddenly illumined before your eyes, lying habited in her coffin, is revealed from its side behind glass what is left of the mortal body of Santa Clara, laid to its rest between seven and eight centuries ago. Leaving that and passing an old Temple of Minerva as a reminder of still remoter centuries, you soon find yourself at

the door of the great upper Church of San Francisco, awaiting the coming of the English speaking Brother who is to act as guide. Adapted to the contour of the hill, and as the first Gothic building in Italy as is claimed, are the two Churches, one above another, known as the Upper and Lower Churches. With Lady Lina Duff Gordon's excellent little handbook on Assisi, one could intelligently spend much time over the frescoes by Giotto and Cimabue as well as over other treasures, though in the dim light good eyesight is needed as well as good guidance. The main motif, however, is the visit to the tomb of St. Francis, and that has in itself a singular history. At the time of his burial service there was a fear that a rival town might attempt to possess itself of his remains in order to have the prestige of ownership and so of the cult of the Saint. So serious was the anxiety that those in authority caused the coffin to be abducted during the burial ceremonies and to be secretly deposited, no one except those immediately effecting it, knew where. The resting place was so effectively hidden and the knowledge of it so confined to those who carried it with them at their death that for several centuries the spot was unidentified. Finally due authority was given for excavations in order to ascertain if possible where the body was. For a long time the effort was fruitless and was indeed temporarily abandoned and even interdicted by papal authority. But later such authority was renewed with the result that about six centuries after the interment, that is, in 1818, the body was discovered under the Church. By many steps you descend to the cave-like room now excavated and elaborately adorned as a chapel, in the center of which has been left as placed the sarcophagus containing the remains of St. Francis, in itself of simple massive stone and of worthy design. It is a place to

linger and thank God for the good examples of His Saints, and especially of St. Francis.

In the Sacristy are preserved various carefully guarded articles treasured up for their use by St. Francis, the tunic worn by him at his death, Charter of the Order of St. Francis, which he often wore about his body, his hair shirt and cord. And there on parchment was the only bit of autographic writing extant of St. Francis, a copy of which, in facsimile, the Brother gave me. It is the Aaronic blessing, written in his Latin script, with his signature, and with an explanatory annotation added later. It might well find place on any municipal monument in San Francisco of the sort referred to above, to stimulate a spirit in our citizenship to be worthy of his perpetual benediction.

There seems to be something of an historical iteration of the name "Francis" in California. In 1579 came hither the hardy explorer, *Francis* Drake, with his ship *Golden Hinde*, and with him *Francis* Fletcher, the chaplain, held in honor among us. But one who visits Assisi will not be likely to get any of these confused (for each should be fairly accorded his own distinct place among our pre-pioneers), as did the enterprising hackman who, driving some visitors to San Francisco around Golden Gate Park, pointed out the prominent Prayer Book Cross, erected to commemorate Francis Fletcher's first use of the Prayer Book in the present territory of the United States, and explained to them that it was a monument in memory of *Saint* Francis Drake!

A visit to Perugia followed that to Assisi, on the way to Florence, but while there are absorbing points of interest, like the old Church where several Popes were elected, the Municipal Palace with decorations by Raphael, and a general interest in the old streets which had been peopled by those whose interest in

the Assisi, which stood out so boldly in the distance, had in old time all the keenness of the "green-eye," we did not linger long but went to Florence, Arno-cleft, in its pride of the past. Mrs. Olyphant's title to her charming book, "The Makers of Florence," is happily conceived, because it strikes one so forcibly that it aptly fixes in mind the fact that the "Makers of Florence" are famous because they were makers of history far wider than Florence. American eyes are, however, so familiar with Florence that no oft-told tale of its charms and interests need be introduced here. The home of Amerigo Vespucci you see marked as a modest building in a certain street as our Hemisphere Continents bear his name. And so with Galilei, Dante, Machiavelli, Fra Angelico, Giotto and others. They have Florentine names and Florentine landmarks, but universal finger-prints upon history. And so to walk about the Campanile, the Pitti and Uffizi Galleries, and the other well-trodden pathways of the sight-seer, while so far as individual masterpieces are concerned only snatches of appreciation are possible, the genius of the masters becomes a sort of very *genius loci* and Florence looms very large as an earth's mustering place of masters. When one overlooks the city from the Park elevation while the buildings fill the eye this thought of the men of its achievements fills the mind. There was a sort of sombre interest in the cell and desk and devotional books of Savonarola in the old Dominican Monastery—where was also some of the decorative beauty from the hand of Fra Angelico—as there was an especial satisfaction of the "seeing of the eye" of the very statue of David, of which I had so often read, which Michael Angelo saw, and the "conscious stone to beauty grew," in the huge block of marble that had lain on the rubbish pile of the city a century because a former sculptor for whom it

had been quarried, could do nothing with it! The esteem in which it is held by this generation is well illustrated by the remark of our guide, "See," said he, pointing to an adjoining statue of heroic size, "that by the side of this looks like a bag of potatoes!"

ATHENS

"EXCEEDINGLY tossed with a tempest" was our small steamer in the same part of the sea as St. Paul, though fortunately with no apparent danger of a shipwreck as we journeyed from Naples to Piræus, the port of Athens. And we saw the Rhegium (Reggio) he mentions, and other well-known points, Stromboli with the vapor overhanging its cone, the Lipori islands, Scylla and Charybdis—since the use of steam really not at all difficult to "steer between" and so practically "out of commission" as a modern simile—Messini with its earthquake ruins still so much in evidence, and Catania where we stopped and where the clouds lifted to afford us an excellent sunset view of Aetna. That night and "day in the deep" that followed was the period of a Pauline tempestuous wind—but we were not at the time in a mental attitude to have the question interest us, whether it was still called "Euroclydon" or not.

It is by no means Greece as an antique that Piraeus first presents it, with a harbor full of steamers, and Greek letters on street signs spelling many present century things. I do not recall exactly whether a big American skating rink we saw there expressed itself in Homeric phrase, but all around and especially in the fine wide boulevard over which we were at once driven to Athens were marks of up-to-date enterprise. And in Athens itself one at first almost misses some expected environment of tumble-down conditions in the "smart" appearance of city and citizens. The Athenians of today seem to spend their whole time not so much in hearing and telling as in getting and building "some new

thing," while the strangers that are there now are the people that are after the old things. And it is hard to realize that the modern Athens is practically a creation since 1834, when it had dwindled down to a poor village of about three hundred houses containing, in streets which were little more than alleys, principally Greeks and Albanians.

From our windows at the hotel there was a curious illusion of a well-defined silhouette formed by one of the scarps of the great Acropolis Rock. With little imagination you could think of it as the strong face of Jupiter, and with the Minerva monuments that were the *motif* of the great art, coming as it were out of the brain, nature herself seemed to contribute to the old mythology. But the face was turned away from modern Athens and seemed to express the spirit of the classic past as if somehow Ancient and Modern Athens were like two different places crowding each other on the map. And as one roams around the ruins of the old Greek Theatre and realizes how Sophocles and Aristophanes and others really lived for some purpose other than that of making youths in college days wrestle with Greek grammar and constructing staccato choruses, he wonders what Aristophanes, for example, would find to skit in such a typical innovation as the "honey of Hymettus" tinned in destiny for American flannel cakes!

One soon catches the antiquarian fever, nevertheless, and has to fairly rub his eyes to believe that he is in person where hitherto only book and photography have carried him. But book and photography have in like manner carried most of those who may read this there, too. They will feel, whether they have been on the spot or not, that which is to be desired after the libraries of description and pictures is the personal experience of a trip

there, not mere description of the "principal points." Each one, however, has some traveler's tales of his own such as these I venture to note.

An intelligent guide, provided for us by Cook's Tourist Agency, which had much to do with the comfort and expedition of our whole trip through these countries around the Mediterranean, took us to all the usual points "done" by the tourist, and answered for us the usual fusillade of queries. These guides are patient, and I do not believe that even the question said to have been asked by one of our fellow countrymen of his daughter with whom he had gone to hear a lecture on "The Age of Pericles"—"What are Perikkles, anyway?"—would faze them.

The two points toward which the eyes first turn in Athens, to verify reading and pictures, are the Acropolis and the Areopagus. They are respectively the hillcrests of ancient religion and ancient law. But for the Bible student, the association of St. Paul with "Mars Hill"—another name for Areopagus—has associated that elevation with religion, and the Acropolis ruins, while they are relics of master art, bear their testimony to Mars, the God of War, in wrecks that have been caused in the principal buildings—Propylaea having been shattered by making the roof too heavy in order to protect against bombardment, and the world-exploited Parthenon cut in two in 1687 during a Venetian siege by a bomb dropped into a gunpowder magazine into which part of it had been temporarily converted. It all at first, as one stands on either eminence, seems something like a very jumble of history as it is of tumbled columns and shattered statues and blocks of chiselled marble and patched and ruined walls. The eternal hills of geology seem to mock the fleeting triumphs of Philosophy and Art and Statesmanship and War as they hold high up against the searching

Mars Hill, Athens

St. Paul, the "babbler" to the old Stoics and Epicureans, here brought strange things to their ears. As they and he looked over from Mars Hill and saw the shield of the colossal Athena gleaming in the sunlight, he told them of the unknown God that dwelleth not in Temples made with hands and that we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold or silver or stone graven by art and the device of man.

sky-lines their marred relics as only subjects for modern archaeology. But in all that past one lonely figure stood there who only seemed to Stoic and Epicurean a "babbler." He had nothing to contribute to the pride of the one or the pleasure of the other. He brought certain strange things to their ears. As they and he looked over from Mars Hill and saw the shield of the colossal Athena gleaming in the sunlight and the proud proportions of the fanes and statues of the other hill upraised all around them, he told them of an unknown God that "dwelleth not in temples made with hands" and that we ought not as the offspring of God to think that the Godhead is like unto gold or silver, or stone graven by art, and device of man. Where did the history or the hills have any promise of lasting names for any such as he? The very dust stirred by the breeze seemed surer of staying there in its inconsequence than any mark of his passing association with the spot—a few words to a curious group accustomed to give a passing idle interest and then to forget in turning to the next novelty that came along—an unknown man babbling of an unknown God. From some points of view, Mars Hill has a rounded, dome-like contour above the city. Today that rock might be said to be best known throughout the world because that lone Apostle gave it fame, just as another great dome looming up above the largest city of the modern world and marking London's Cathedral Church, bears the very name of that same Apostle. And a Greek poet of whom Ovid said his fame would live as long as the sun and moon endureth—Aratus—has only lived in the ages because that Apostle quoted his phrase, declaring to the men of Athens, "Certain of your own poets have said, 'For we are also His offspring.' " And where one knows of the great names of Athens, hundreds and thousands are ever

thanking God for the words and life of St. Paul. So that it has been well said, "There is no point in the annals of the first planting of Christianity which seizes so powerfully on the imagination of those who are familiar with the history of the ancient world" as the summit of Mars Hill. Just under the hill and not far from the shrine of the avenging Furies is the site and some of the foundation walls of an ancient church named after Dionysius the Areopagite, one of those who "clave unto" St. Paul "and believed." This would seem to have an especial interest for every christian visitor, and yet when I asked the guide to show us to the spot, he remarked that he had only had occasion to take visitors to it, among the many he is constantly showing about the city, three times in twelve years. Under the spell of Mars Hill and with the latter part of the Seventeenth Chapter of the Book of Acts in mind, the visit would seem incomplete without standing on that site of a Christain church so closely traditional of the hill trodden by the Apostle's feet.

The Acropolis, of course, came in for its share of attention, and in addition to the absorbing classical associations of which the guide books and lectures and photographs of visitors treat so fully, there are the periods of its Christian and Mohammedan occupation. I noted in a pile of broken fragments of marble one piece marked with a well-defined Greek cross. And on the Acropolis I suppose it was not strange that some thoughts should go towards home and towards another elevated point which, if not so historical nor so comprehensive, may yet become a quasi Acropolis for San Francisco as some day Grace Cathedral and its precincts stand against the sky on our noble Cathedral block.

And it may be taken for granted without dwelling upon it that none of the many other points of interest

ordinarily shown were overlooked in our visit. I do not need to mention their names, they are so well known. The museum will never be left out by the wise visitor. Even the sea has given up to it art treasures. Some years ago fishermen discovered near the island of Cherigo by their lines and nets the existence of cargoes of statues and bronzes that were among the wrecks of ships that in the Roman period were transporting them from Greece to Rome. The Romans had a way at the time of "borrowing" such treasures for the embellishment of the Imperial City. Many of these statues and bronzes have been raised and deposited in the Museum, showing the effects of their long submersion. There are also anchors and ship parts of the old time. And as evidence that the ancients had caught some ideas which we are wont to think are all our own, many mementoes of the domestic articles of old time were on exhibition.

As an American Churchman, however, there was one institution which it was an especial pleasure to see. For it was an American clergyman, the Rev. John J. Robertson—whose daughter, Miss Mary K. Robertson, we love to honor in the Diocese of California as one of our devoted communicants foremost among us for good works—who in September, 1828, offered himself to our Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society as a missionary to Greece, was accepted and went to Greece, looked over the field and returned presenting a full and interesting report. As about that time Greece became independent he was appointed missionary, and the whole story of his instrumentality and the addition to the force of Dr. and Mrs. John Henry Hill is one our Church ought to ever keep in mind. We can only here refer to the fact that it resulted in the founding of schools for boys and girls in Athens. From what Dr. Hill called an "humble origin" in "a dark, dirty cellar of

an old Venetian tower," the work progressed until the school numbered nearly six hundred scholars. And so successful were the schools in "putting the leaven of Christian thought and life into the new educational system of Greece," that at the death of Dr. Hill in 1882, in the ripe old age of ninety-one years, the Greek Cabinet requested in the name of the King that they might afford an opportunity for the public to express its appreciation of his work by a public funeral. The demonstration was a very large one, the procession headed by an escort of soldiers with band and with the King's chaplain and the Greek Archimandrite and all classes of the people following, and nearly a mile in length. And the President of the City Council of Athens announced that "the City of Athens, wishing to show its appreciation to so deserving a benefactor, would raise a monument over that grave which should be inscribed with the love and gratitude of the Demos of Athens." Changed conditions and the development of other schools since the death of Dr. and Mrs. Hill have reduced the size of the "Hill School," as it is named, but we found it without difficulty and it is now under the efficient charge of Miss Bessie M. Masson, niece of Mrs. Hill, from whom I quote: "I look upon it as a continuation of the missionary work of my dear aunt and uncle. I constantly have occasion to see the influence that the religious teaching of the school has on the pupils. I could tell you many interesting facts about our graduates and how they try to influence others when they return to their homes." I visited the school and spoke to the girls and could only wish that the school now working independently might enlist the interest and prayers and support of many new friends "to carry its good designs" into even more effect. The monument erected by the city at the graves of Dr. and Mrs. Hill is of Pentelic

marble with two palm branches and a simple inscription in Greek carved on it, together with the text from Revelation 14:13.

Our last afternoon of Athens was spent on a drive about thirteen miles out to Eleusis, the seat of the old Eleusinian Mysteries. It gave us a good opportunity to see something of the country and of the scene of the battle of Salamis, as well as traces of the old "Sacred way" and many marks of the long past, including a Greek church built out of the marbles of an old temple of Apollo. The buildings of the Greek Church, especially the Cathedral in Athens, are in good evidence of the age and claim of primitive origin and orthodoxy of that ancient Catholic body. I recalled the astonishment, not to say amusement, of an intelligent representative of Greece as its minister to Washington, when at a dinner party in Elberon a good many years ago at the summer cottage of my old friend and parishioner of St. James', the late Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia, an unsophisticated guest asked the Greek ambassador if there were any Christians in Greece!

CONSTANTINOPLE

It is a curious fact that Berkeley's line, so often quoted that it is almost a street-proverb, "Westward the course of Empire takes its way," runs directly counter to the most signal trend of Empire the Christian Era has ever known. And that trend, too, was from one "Eternal City" to another. And the passing was from a city imperial from the "working of historic causes" to a city fixed on a spot which "nature itself had destined to be the seat of the empire of two worlds." When Constantine changed the throne from old Rome, to the old Byzantium and gave that the new name after himself and made it practically what it was often called, "New Rome," the course of empire was distinctly not westward, but eastward. And the effect on history of that orientation of its "course" was fully as epochal as any single event that has happened since.

And so old Constantinople is apt to appeal strongly to one who has in mind this turning point in Church as well as in imperial affairs. With the sections of the city well defined as Stamboul, Pera, Galata and Scutari, for the general sightseeing, the Church saunterer instinctively gives all precedence to the first, which is an abbreviation of Istamboul, that in turn having come from the Greek for "into the city." To Stamboul we go then as into the city site of Constantine's time. And the lure of that draws one away as far as possible in thought and imagination from the modern scenes and street jostlings and cries of the Turkish capital. Over the crowded Galata bridge humming with its many-hued life, past the Parliament buildings typical of the most modern

Mosque of St. Sophia (interior), Constantinople

In the darkness of the high sanctuary dome the Head of Christ may still be dimly discerned through the whitewash with which the attempt has been made to hide it, and in many places the old decorative Christian Crosses survive.

Young Turk, some of the old Byzantine walls are soon in evidence of the immediate locality where Constantine had his seat of empire, though of course the ages since have much changed the aspect of the buildings. The central point of interest there, as it is the most conspicuous feature on the sky-line, is the well known St. Sophia, looming up like a great mount of lamentation to a Christian in that it is the ancient chief metropolitan cathedral for Christ in the East transformed into a central mosque for Mohammed at the heart of the Ottoman Empire. The present building is two hundred and thirty-five feet north and south and two hundered and fifty feet east and west, and, though rebuilt in some parts from time to time, is said to date from the time of Justinian in the sixth century, the earlier structure of Constantine with its later additions having been destroyed by fire. Out of all the inspection of it, noting the points suggested by dragomen and guide-book that are of absorbing interest, but easily available to the reader, two stand out in memory as suggestive—and what a fine *forgettery* one is likely to develop when crammed with so much data on a tourist's busy day! The one was that the architecture of the Christian St. Sophia, which itself succeeded the basilican type, while modified with minaret and some other minor features within and without, was not only left substantially as it was but it seems to have been adopted—though so identified with Christian Worship—as the model almost universally for the mosque. It would be an interesting study to follow out this fact and study its possible significance as indicative of lack of artistic initiative in large lasting constructive work in the whole system of the mussulman. The other fact with bearings far beyond the fact itself was the covering over the old mosaic work. Its figures and symbolism of Christi-

anity were so essentially inwrought that to obliterate all of them would seriously affect the building and so there was given them a coating of whitewash, or a veiling of banners with Mohammedan inscriptions. As it is, far up in a sanctuary dome the face of the Saviour can still be discerned through the wash, and in many places decorative crosses have been left untouched. But how much food for reflection there is in that peering upward from such surroundings, from the droning of the Koran, the worshippers prostrating in their devotions, the signs everywhere of Islam, the sight of that sure outline of the Saviour's face gradually becoming clearer in the dim, gloomy light of the Sanctuary dome! Seven hundred and forty-seven newspapers and magazines have been started in Turkey since the coming of the new order under the Young Turk in July, 1906. This betokens something of the widespread intellectual and social unrest. "There is not the least doubt," says one writer, "that tens of thousands of Moslems in Turkey and Persia and even in Arabia are intellectually convinced of the truth of Christianity against Islam. * * * The attack on orthodox Mohammedism was never so keen or strong on the part of any missionary as has been the recent attack from those inside Islam." With this eclipse darkening the future of Mohammed's following, even with some aggressive advance in Africa it seems to have, that deeply shadowed Face in the dome distinguishable through the calcimine that has tried to hide it, is surely symbolic. The Light of the world may be dawning on Islam, and as one catches far aloft the blessed lineaments of the calm face, there comes to him as if for an inscription that the Mohammedan world might well illuminate around it: "Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies." That seems the real cry when listening to the plaintive chant of the

muezzin high up on St. Sophia's minaret, that the real prayer while watching the worshippers with their wail-like rhythm within the mosque.

The same ecclesiastical bent gave deep interest to St. Irene, said to be the place in which the Second General Council of the Church met in 381, A. D., and attention is called to the "irony of fate" by which a Church named "Peace" (Irene) and one where peace was brought in that True Ecumenical Council to wide disputes of the Church upon vital truth, is now a museum of war arms and trophies. But this building could only be noted from a distance, as could the Treasury, which is also a museum of antiquities, and other parts of the old Seraglio that were not accessible during our stay in Constantinople. And mention can only be made here of the vast cisterns, dating from Constantine's period, for water supply, down to which you go as to caverns under blocks of houses, one such cistern extending almost to St. Sophia itself; of the great green marble columns in St. Sophia brought from the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians; of the Serpent Column brought from the Oracle of Delphi, the triple head having been cut off by Mohammed II. with a single blow of his battle-axe. The Imperial Museum, an imposing modern building, is a very delight for the archaeologist, but the despair of the tourist who can tarry with it but a day. However, the Sarcophagus said to be that of Alexander the Great, a Chaldean inscription in black granite assigned to 3800 B. C., "the world is very evil and even children write books!" baked bricks preserving writing from 2300 B. C., which covers builders' contracts, marriage contracts, deeds, school rules, children's writing exercises and other ordinary details of life—these sample some of the thousands of objects of antiquity, and additions are constantly made.

One of our paths—not so much "beaten" as others—took us to the Cathedral of the Greek Church, under the direct oversight of the Ecumenical Patriarch Joachim, whom we saw, but whose courteous invitation to meet him at his residence, lack of time compelled me to decline. In the cathedral—St. George's—are shown various objects, eikons, table, throne and pulpit said to have come from St. Sophia, and the pulpit claimed as one that had been occupied by St. Chrysostom. There were also some relics of Saints. If the "beaten paths" are made secondary it is not because they were not fully enjoyed, but because they are "beaten;" such as the delightful sail on the Bosphorus, passing Robert College, to the Black Sea, the view from the Galata tower, the Palace of Belisarius and the gate where the Turks found entrance to the city when they captured it, and the witnessing of the procession of the Sultan, Mehemet V., in his weekly visit to the Mosque with the escort of a large body of troops.

Constantinople has both a "Golden Gate" and a "Golden Horn." The gate is in the old Theodosian Wall, but it is closed and walled up supposedly from a tradition that some day a new conqueror will emulate the old conquerors who used to make trumphal entries through it. The Golden Horn is the busy waterway dividing Stamboul from Galata and Pera, the Galata bridge serving as their connecting link. This suggests some contrast with another city which has a "Golden Gate." Our Gate of Triumph, never closed, is opening up with new vision of the progressive Pacific. And as to a Golden Horn—catch the golden notes, ringing around the world, of the bugle-call to the Exposition of 1915!

ALEXANDRIA · CAIRO

It is one of the whimsies of history that a city of so many great names and events as Alexandria should in our time rank, for the tourist at any rate, not much more than a landing-stage for the Nile trip. We journeyed thither from Constantinople, which faded away from us as, steaming away on the Bosphorus—literally, the Oxford!—we gazed long at it from the deck, silent under the spell of its associations, which the golden sunset and the dreamy shadows settling on the minarets seemed to induce. The ship took us again to the Piræus and its busy waters and from there directly to Alexandria, passing Crete on a beautiful Sunday morning. Fortunately we had a good view of that point "Salmone" to give us in its jutting out into the currents a realization of the memorandum in St. Paul's "log" of that puny ship of Alexandria in which he was voyaging towards Rome when the wind not suffering them they sailed over against Salmone, "hardly passing it." (Acts 27: 7-8.) Fellow passengers ever add much to the interest of sea travel, and it is to be feared to sea gossip, but one on this particular trip unconsciously afforded some real food for thought. This was a high-class Mohammedan woman, the wife of the Governor of a Province, traveling with a retinue of servants. Though in the harbors most punctilious in her observance of the rigid custom of having her face covered with a veil, she seemed to be glad to assert her freedom from that constraint and to wish to enjoy it as the other ladies on shipboard, spending hours with her children in her steamer chair, with a manifest sense of emancipation from some of the severe conven-

tionalities of the Mohammedan home life, even if she could not mingle socially with the other passengers. It all seemed typical of the spreading restlessness of intelligent womanhood under Mohammedan restraints and the aspiration for different status which is plainly showing itself in various ways, as for example in the recent visit of a delegation of women in behalf of women's interests to the Sultan himself, a thing practically unheard of hitherto. And her accomplished English governess—who, curiously enough, had been a governess in San Francisco—confirmed this impression in conversations we had with her.

The position Alexandria has held both in civil and church history would suggest that it would take some time to "do" it. And so the saunterer might well have his expectations edged as he remembered some of the mighty works done there and inferred that there would naturally be shown places of antiquity in the usual oriental abundance. To say nothing of Alexander the Great and the patronymic, Clement, a Father of Christian Philosophy, some of whose writings reflect with curious detail the very life of Alexandria in his day, Origen the learned, Athanasius, "the Father of Orthodoxy," the great Catechetical School which helped to give the name "Brain of Christendom" to Alexandria, and had so much to do with the origins of scientific theology, the encyclical letters which went out from Alexandria to fix the date of Easter for the Christian world before it could turn to our church almanacs to keep track of the eccentricities of our Paschal moon, the translation of the Old Testament Scriptures into Greek in the Septuagint, the great Liturgies, the ancient citizenship so charged with church interests—not to say church rows—as depicted in Charles Kingsley's *Hypatia*, these and like stirring

associations with that old site could well whet the interest for identifications. And one would willingly look over a good many of them, even if not disposed always to commit himself any more than the Celt, whose first remark on seeing Niagara Falls was, "What's to hinder it!" Pompey's Pillar is there, very old, but there is doubt as to how much Pompey had to do with it. "Cleopatra's Needles" were there, but one is now in London, and the other in New York, neither in their owners' hands just now keeping the thread of continuous Alexandrian history. There is a museum of Greco-Roman antiquities, with some curios from the Christian period. There are catacombs and borings about the central quarter of the ancient city, but apparently the site of the old city has subsided and is now buried under. The moon, over the wanderings of which the old Christian astronomers used to figure out the proper time of Easter for all the world, is undoubtedly the same at which you can gaze now, and the name of the city is the same, but so far as any "very-spot" sight-seeing of the old signal Christian epochs is concerned, these seem to exhaust the list. Of course modern Alexandria has many interests of its own, but when the antiquarian fever is on, especially for rummaging the Christian past, modernism becomes a saunterer's heresy. We did, however, visit the Greek Cathedral and an elevation occupied by a barrack of English troops, from which we obtained a good outlook on the city and drove around the city, and enjoyed all of that, but Alexandria was the one place where we really did not use all the time allotted to us by the dragoman—*pace* Alexander the Great! Does the "departed glory" of the ancient seat of so much church prestige argue that institutions as at Rome last so much better than instructions or that teachings become common property and so lose localism

in a continuity of Christian thought? But "travelogue" must be chary of travelogic, for to adapt a phrase from Sidney Smith, "There may be a good many other things without a good many other things."

Once on the train for Cairo, lunching in a comfortable dining car, the moving picture—or rather the moving view point of the picture—of Egyptian life begins, and the train seems to rush back into Pharaoh's time and into geography of the Delta which has hitherto been invested with school-day impressions that it was about as remote as the moon. Camels, canals, archimedean screws and other wheels for water, donkeys decorated with heavyweight humanity, the humanity in turn decorated with motley garb billowing in the breeze, groups of mud hovels, which were staring in contrast with the green of the cultivated fields, suggest Ruskin's diatribe as to the way in which man can mar what the green of nature makes; the thoroughfares and fields thick with fellahin, the frequent tombs—all soon give the saunterer the feeling, "I am really in Egypt," and serve as a sort of overture for what is yet to come on the trip. Before Cairo is reached one might easily get into the mood of supposing that the hotel for which he is booked there is named, in keeping with it all, after one of the "Shepherd Kings." But it is not, and "Shepheards" is not spelled that way, though it holds something of a kingship in the sentiment of the tourist world, as everybody wants to go where everybody else has been, even though newer hotels carry the true heraldry of royally related names (*e. g.*, Semiramis). And at Shepheards the saunterer immediately realizes that there are singularly distinct two Cairos. What goes on at Shepheards and its immediate vicinity is one. The scheduled round for sight-seeing is another. And

they are as distinct as a motor car from a museum, one all chug-a-chug with modern show and go, the other as mum but as full of curious interest as a mummy. The one creates an environment calculated to swell the bosom as if you were basking in the sphere of an American millionaire, the other as if you were at the last remove "the heir of all the ages." The one Cairo we saw more particularly while waiting over night to take the boat for the Nile trip, the other more fully on our return from that trip; and we leave the experience of the latter Cairo, the antique, for further notes.

"Shepheards" is well provided with both the comforts and luxuries of life, and does not at all suggest the description so cynically given of some great hostelries in other lands which "have all the luxuries and some few comforts." It made us at home in all the stirring life of the hundreds of guests to find some good California friends from San Francisco, Monterey and Visalia and some from Philadelphia and elsewhere, including the Bishop of Quebec and Mrs. Dunn. The large portico of the hotel, which is one of the most cosmopolitan "lounges" in the world in its groupings of those of many nations and races, abuts on the street and affords a point of contact between the tourist and the modern Cairene. And there it is as well as in strolling along the streets in the immediate vicinity that one finds himself regarded in the role of an American capitalist at sight. There is no room for doubt about the American part of it, for the first newspaper vender you meet picks out from his polyglot assortment of papers an unmistakable sheet and spots you at once with "New York Herald"! Even the wonderful disguises with which some array themselves head and foot for the Nile trip are instantly penetrated by these sagacious citizens and your

United States they somehow read as if you were garbed in the American flag. Then the sidewalk line of the hotel portico is a perpetual bargain-counter during the sunny hours. The alert salesmen of the curbstone are very loth to take "no" for an answer, for are not the guests reversing the Exodus of old in constituting an inrush? And as the historic people of long ago in their anxiety to get out of the country spoiled the Egyptians, so when the hosts today seem so eager to get into their country is it not human that the Egyptians should feel that one good turn deserves another and develop proclivities to spoil the tourists?

Then how graphically does the "bakshish" habit testify to the "rolling-in-wealth" pedestal upon which your fellow-creatures in Cairo—and indeed all through the Orient—put you. If ever a universal tongue is found, a Volapuk for the common speech of the world, there is at least one word which will need no twist and no explanation, for everybody, Occidental or Oriental, will know what it means, and that word is "bakshish!" And a young American who wrote an interesting account of "beating his way" around the world has told us in his book that when he found himself in Cairo consorting with an imported gang of beggars—as if the native articles were not enough!—they jeered at him when he avowed himself an American, because every beggar of them who could put two sentences of English together passed as an American since the Americans were such easy game! But more anon of Cairo and of our downright enjoyment of it and its memorials, with all said and done.

THE NILE TRIP

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream
With half shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!"

Some of the most memorable moments of the Nile trip I believe are those of soothing revery like that of the Lotus-eaters quoted above from Tennyson's familiar verse. Nowhere on the world-circuit was there so fine a sense of the real *abandon* of idling. The creature comforts of our steamer, "Rameses the Great," which brought the three weeks more or less of the river travel down to a nice point of easy going existence, of course had something to do with it. Even an occasional "bumping a bar"—for it was along in the season when the water was getting low—was a cushioned sort of sensation and the plash of paddles and the breath of the engine seemed to have some of the

"Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

Then the good, cosmopolitan company, with a genial consciousness of "all being in the same boat" on a choice trip, the spacious and sheltered "lounge" on the upper deck for five o'clock teas and general chatter upon the day's doings, the good service in all departments of the boat, including that of the dragomen, "Mohammed," who visited the Chicago exposition, and "George," most picturesque in what the veteran "Mohammed" called their "howling-swell clothes," all this amid Egyptian scenes and under Egyptian skies, the hues of which were described to us by a popular water-color artist as so difficult to reproduce, brought spells

"To dream and dream, like yonder amber light."

But there was no mistake about having to be "wide awake" betimes. Not quite as animated as the Arizona "hurricane deck of a cayuse" is the donkey back for the side trips to ruins, but a belaboring donkey-boy can put a cheery jolt into its motion that, in the first experience at any rate, is apt to produce thrills of staying on more than of the scenery. And this has its own value on the trip. There is sane and simple régime in the riding and air these side trips give, over and above the zest in visiting the notable sites of antiquity. They really counter the symptoms of langorous dyspepsia that even the poet cannot despise in his "mild-eyed, melancholy Lotus-eaters." And when the tourist has his first mount for the ruins of Memphis and the great burial ground at Sakkarah—mine named "Moses," with boy "Abdul" tuning up both the donkey and various American airs, "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," college yells, etc., for my edification, showing how many fellow countrymen had been there before—it will not be strange if after he had covered the miles more or less going and coming, it dawns upon him that he has had the liveliest exercise he has had in many a day. And so the trip throughout is calculated to keep one in condition. It would be as hopeless as the "literature on the subject" renders it needless, to attempt to follow the itinerary with descriptions of what we saw. Indeed, so absorbing was the experience from day to day that every point visited left the feeling that it would be impossible to see all one wished without Argus-eyed and Sphinx-like staying power. And by the way, when one visits the Sphinx and the Great Pyramids there is a sort of lurking query as to whether after all the real secret of the Sphinx is simply that it says nothing just because it has nothing to say and only wishes to just be let alone and stay there and absorb

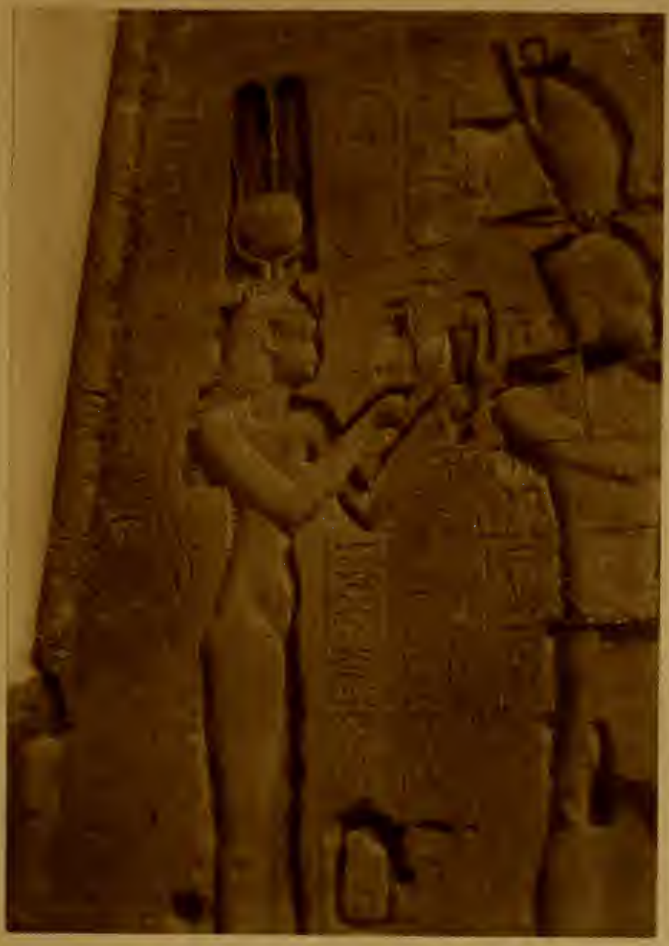
the "Spell of Egypt" for a few æons. In strange contrast with such stony repose is the agile young Egyptian, who for a few piastres consideration will sprint up and down the neighboring Great Pyramid —four hundered and fifty-one feet high—in eight minutes. What becomes of our strenuous American "twenty-minutes"?

It would be an interesting self-study to try to trace the real lure of ruin hunting on such a trip. Of course experting in archæology explains something of it, curio-craze something more, the desire to visit any old land something more, and perhaps the oddities of ancient architecture and art and rulers and peoples still more, but this does not seem to explain all. To the saunterer, at any rate, Hamlet's question, "Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander?" gets closer to the secret of that travel-lure. Yorick's skull had been associated with human life. And it seems to the saunterer that it is the life of these remote dynasties of Egypt which the ruins so graphically picture to the imagination that invests them with the strange fascination to-day. A few illustrations of that we may cite and then leave the regular round of Nile trip visits each one with its own zest to the imagination and the authorities, guide-book and otherwise. With the hearty wish then, that any reader of this may himself go and see—and who knows but some of our moving picture enterprises may yet bring the whole trip into the home glare?—suffice it here to outline the itinerary as it included Memphis, Beni-Hassan, Assiout, Denderah, Luxor, Thebes, Karnak, Kurna, Necropolis, Tombs of Kings, Deir-el-Bahri, Rameseum, Esnah, Edfu, Kom-Ombo, Assuan, Philae and the "first cataract" from which the return trip began.

One illustration of the *human* of the past appealing so cogently to the human of the present day, was

at the extensive rock-tombs of Assiout. Excavations were proceeding there under the supervision of a courteous German archæologist, and a few days before our visit a mummy had been uncovered, the case of which he had opened for us. These lonely scientists have troubles of their own, by the way. We heard of one superintendent of excavations who thought to lighten the labors of the fellahin by bringing in an invoice of wheelbarrows to take the place of the small baskets in which, on their backs, they carried the earth out of the "diggings." When after a few days' trial they came to him to ask that they might go back to their baskets, he found that their yearning for the restoration came from the fact that they had not only substituted the wheelbarrows for the baskets to carry the earth, but had substituted them on their backs, and but faintly appreciated the good intention for emancipation of labor in carrying the wheelbarrows! In the particular mummy case referred to was preserved the very cane used by the one embalmed some three thousand years before Christ. It was a plain staff, showing contact with the earth as he had walked with it—you could fairly hear its "thump, thump"—and visualized him in a way that one would journey a good distance to experience.

Another illustration was at the celebrated "Tombs of the Kings," some miles back across the river from Luxor. Descending by a long passage way into the very depths of a mountain, is seen the mummy of King Amenophis II. of the XVIII. Dynasty (about 1500 B. C.). It is one of the very few royal mummies now left where they were originally entombed, and you see it under an electric light, the current of which also illuminates the passage way to it! The calm features are those upon which his generation looked, and some of the withered garlands are with it to tell of royal homage then. And somebody presses a



Relief of Cleopatra and Son, at Denderah

A fine etching in stone. The reliefs on the eastern and western walls of the Temple of Hathor date from the time of Nero and other early Roman Emperors.

modern button to enable us to look upon that face now and the touch of human makes the whole of the ages "akin."

Another tie with the past that even more fell in with the musings and bent of a parson-saunterer, was the constant suggestion of the Christian touch with those regions and ruins in the early centuries of our era. Crosses, palimpsest over or amid older hieroglyphics at many points, bear their testimony to Christian use of the old temples or parts of them, and picture to the eye the assemblies or anchorites who there bowed at the name of Jesus as generations before them had bent before the symbols of Amen-Ra. And the aggressive spirit of the old Christian worshippers has left its mark upon the images and ornaments of the older Egyptian religion. In one temple in particular, that of Hathor at Denderah, the carved heads of the goddess are almost without exception marred in some way, generally by the loss of the nose and not without grotesque effect. This is typical of the iconoclastic mind of the early Christians to beat down with axes and hammers idolatrous images. And Rameses the Great, whose statues, colossal and small, seem to have been struck off for distribution like photographs, by the dozen, has been a signal sufferer from this militant smashing habit of early Churchmen. Some one in fiction has imagined Rameses the Great revisiting the old scenes and much put out with this rack and ruin wrought on his proud effigies erected for all time, but not without consolation when acquainted with the wide publicity given him on the picture postals of his statues, with which modern tourists load the mails for all the world! Incidental to that same temple at Denderah, was a tribute to the old Egyptian art. As we clambered down through narrow, dark passage ways and crawled through low openings to view in

the flash of magnesian light, paintings on the walls with their fresh-looking tints in the crypts much older than the superstructure, George, our assistant dragoman, with fine discrimination, said "See how much more feeling these have than those of the Roman period in the Temple above! These artists worked with sincerity in their old religion, that other work was show work for the early heathen Roman emperors and was done for pay." On the outer wall of the Temple there is a representation of Cleopatra and her son, Cæsarion. But it was at this same Denderah that we saw the remains of a large Christian Church, with a shell ornament remarkably well preserved, dating from early in the fourth century. An so about this one great Temple the imagination could long linger and people anew the old Coptic Church, with its stalwarts looking upon the art and structures of the worship of vain gods with the sentiment, "down with it, down with it even to the ground."

And the saunterer wished many times he might explore more fully the habitat in Egypt of that primitive form of Christianity which has left so many marks. Bishops were thick at one time in Egypt, and to begin with, a Coptic tour could take in Thmuis in the Delta of Lower Egypt, from which we have the earliest full copy of a Christian liturgy, bearing the name of its Bishop, Sarapion. Then we would like to identify the places of hermits like Paul—under the old Decian persecution—and Anthony about Thebes and its borders, Egypt being the native land of Monasticism, and they being the founders of the hermit life in the third century. At Tabenna, Pachomius founded the first monastery and many another spot is associated with that current of monasticism with Egypt, of which Montalembert speaks: "Once begun floods of men, of women, and of children

threw themselves into it, and flowed thither during a century with irresistible force." Such a tour would appeal strongly to many a lover of Church history and Coptic souvenirs would command more interest than scarabs. The saunterer was fortunate in being able to purchase an old coptic slab about eighteen by eighteen inches in size, carved with Christian emblems, including the dove of the Holy Spirit, from our Dragoman George, himself a Copt, the marble having been found in excavating for the building of his father's house at Luxor. And the Doctor on the "Rameses the Great," Mr. M. B. Ray, M. D., added to his other courtesies the finding and presenting of an antique pectoral Coptic cross. At Assuan, by the thoughtful provision of Canon Yates, the Chaplain of St. Mark's English Church, of whose many kindnesses we shall have more to say later in our circuit, we added some interesting Egyptian curios to our collection and visited a modern Coptic Church and had an enjoyable interview with the priests and authorities.

This story of our sauntering on the Nile, as it closes, at any rate differs from that sermon which was called "finished" because it left nothing out! To think of the things omitted, impressions and expressions, history and mystery, customs and changes, leaves one nothing to do but ask, "Are they not written in the Books of the Chronicles of Baedeker and Wallis Budge?"

CAIRO · EGYPTIAN MUSEUM · UNIVERSITY · OLD CAIRO

THERE is a sort of "to-be-continued" bracket, like that which follows an instalment of a serial story, to be placed after the rounding out of the Nile trip. On the trip itself while visiting the scenes of many rare "finds" such as the tombs of the Kings, or the "Cave of Treasures" at Deir-el-Bahri the realization that many of the finds themselves were carefully kept at the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities in Cairo whetted the curiosity more and more as site after site was visited, to take the earliest opportunity on the return to Cairo to go to the Museum. Accordingly with the expert Dragoman Gladius Morgan, well known to some of our good California friends whom he "conducted" in years gone by, we found the Museum a natural continuation of the river archaeology. And it is safe to say that to anyone with any instinct at all to "burrow into the past" there is not a more absorbing collection of antiquities anywhere in the world. The great Museum itself is a tribute to the perseverance and genius of some of the most notable Egyptologists —beginning with Mariette and including the last eminent Director M. Maspero and the Conservator Emil Brugsch Pasha to whom the arrangement and classification of the antiquities are chiefly due. Brugsch Pasha's friendship for a dear parishioner of my St. James' days, Miss Mary Coles, dating from his visit to the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876, afforded me the opportunity to meet him and to experience his courtesies. With the fine modern housing of the collection it is difficult to realize the

Chief Dragoman, Mohammed

A well-known character to the Nile tourists, who treasures in his autograph book many Californian names, including that of Mrs. Senator Stanford. He attended the Chicago Exposition in 1893 as a representative of Thomas Cook and Son, with their exhibit, and was cherishing the hope of coming to the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915.

obstacles its promoters first encountered to find a place to put it, being literally driven from pillar to post-office, the government authorities of the time somewhat grudgingly granting it space in an old unsuitable building of the mail department.

The collection itself though now thoroughly catalogued and corridored spreads out like a veritable maze to the saunterer. The only possible thing is to treat it menu-like, tell the Dragoman what you would especially like to see in the time you have and then "keep up with him," resolutely overcoming the neck-twisting habit towards every captivating case you pass. And just there comes the advantage of having a thoroughly well posted, intelligent and authorized guide. As we were listening to the few well chosen descriptive comments of Gladius while looking at the mummy of the supposed Pharoah of the Exodus, one of another party of tourists sidled up to him and asked him a question in a rueful state of mind over the inefficiency of the guide they incautiously picked up on the street! *Verbum Sap.* One thing on our list was the wooden statue from Sakkarah of a village chief (Sheikh el-Beled) an account of the finding of which years ago had interested me and served as an illustration betimes in sermons. It was said that when in the gloom of the excavation underground the workmen came upon this statue they ran out terrified with the thought that they had uncovered a live man whose two eyes were gleaming at them in the darkness. It was explained by the curious fact that the eyes were found inset in the statue. There were pieces of opaque white quartz with pupils formed of rock crystal and framed with thin plates of polished bronze, the edges of which formed the eyelids. When the light struck them they seemed "things of life" and we can well understand suggested prompt absenteeism to those who had the "first view."

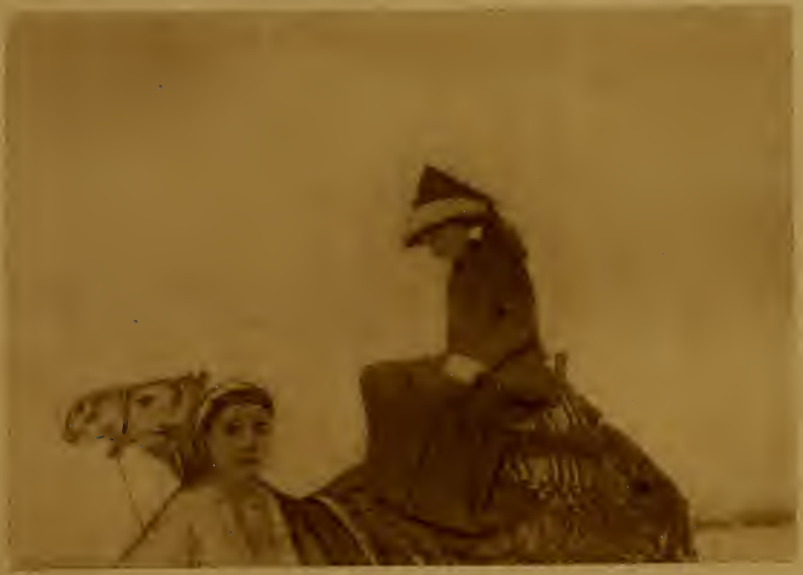
Mention can only be made of a few of the other objects of interest which made the visit memorable: the notable cow of Hathor found in 1906; coffins, jars, bedstead used in life—the plaited flax on which is curved by use—Chair of State and other articles from the tomb of the Father and Mother of Queen Thi (about B. C. 1450) found in 1905 and constituting what has been called "the most curious and gorgeous funeral furniture which has ever been seen in an Egyptian tomb"; the decorated chariot from the tomb of Thotmes IV. about B. C. 1466 excavated in 1902 and 1903 and many Coptic antiquities. The royal mummies and the mummies of the priests found huddled together in places we had seen, where it is thought they were hastily gathered up from their respective rock tombs to save them in some past age from the despoiling of invaders, had a deep interest as did the household utensils of the time of the old dynasties—razors, carpenter's planes, rules, etc., and it seemed to visualize a priest of the time to look upon one of his pink slippers—perhaps color shod for some season of Amen-Ra! What we were thus able to pick out from the vast collection did to some extent mitigate the aggravation which I suppose every one must feel at not being able to take in more of the fascinating experience. But it would indeed require some cycles for reckoning through our dynasties A. D. to do that at all exhaustively, and we turn away from those corridors of the past with a new sense that "Forever haltless hurries time the durable to gain."

"Blooming" is not just the adjective we would think of applying to a great modern university. Nor is "the gate of the barbers" the kind of name the portal to academic shades now suggests, though our Curricula are open to "Short-cuts." But to omit to visit the great Mohammedan University Gamia el-Azhar—"the blooming," passing through the Bab

el-Mizaiyinin—"the Gate of the Barbers" (because the students used to have their heads shaved there) is to lose one of the notable sights of the Moslem world. Indeed a recent Review writer, the Rev. W. H. T. Gairdner in *The East and The West*, July, 1911, says that a mediæval Oxford visitor would have seen *then* in El-Azhar a scene in no essential particular different from the one that greets us there today, the squatting, swaying figures, on which he would have gazed, the flowing garments, the circles of students sitting at the feet of their Gamaliels, the Arabic they were talking, the very sciences they were acquiring—all these things would have been then to all intents and purposes what they are today. In El-Azhar we have a scene from the middle ages preserved to us a perfect specimen, "living, breathing and entire." In other words here you have a "moving picture" of the middle age university life of Islam. Some slight modernism has been working around, if not in, it, including that of graft as well as revised statutes and modifications of curriculum and system under Khedivial patronage from which also have come some improvements in the way of sanitation, enlargement and embellishment. But it has been said that it is impossible to change the curriculum without a riot. And as the ten thousand students more or less drone away over the Koran and allied studies as law, grammer, rhetoric, logic, etc., with "super-super-commentaries" stratified by tradition, so wooden have the methods of instruction become that the government for the sheer necessity of turning out men versed in the canon law of Islam to fill the lower and higher grades of routine administration, has started a school of canon law outside of the university itself, canon law being the one subject for which El-Azhar really exists! As one makes the rounds of the University he is struck with the group-

ings of students on sectional lines, quarters being assigned to respective constituents from various regions of the earth including dormitories and dining provisions not at all suggestive of our notions of college or club homes in customs or comforts or savors. As indicative of the persistent dream of Islam of evangelizing the world and its own "Men and Religion Movement" that has made so much history, I noticed on the walls of one of the offices maps of the world marked with areas and prophecies of progress, and California was well on the map as by no means a negligible quantity. But it is significant that Moslem writers themselves are severe in their arraignment of the failure of their system to cope with Christian progress, and the estimate of their University seems to be that it is losing prestige just because its training is fatal to any modern intellectual leadership or even missionary impulse. Perhaps too they need a little football, and what a language is theirs for explosive efforts in college yells!

The beginning of the Mosque-school which later grew into the University in A. D. 970 carries us back to the time when the old Cairo of today was the capital and the modern Cairo was finding its beginning. So after visiting the citadel with its overlook of the whole city, and the alabaster mosque, the saunterer will be allowed to omit reference to many familiar points and historical dates and pass to what was to him the most interesting part of the dragoman's round. Perhaps it might be said further that the parson's pursuit carried the day's doings somewhat outside of the usual beaten path as some of the points our candid guide said he was seldom called upon to visit. Some three or four miles from the center of modern Cairo is the site of the old Roman fortress of Babylon, itself believed to be on a more ancient foundation. Its associations with early



The Saunterer's sole personal effort with a Kodak

The subject of the photograph was herself the "official" photographer of the party, except when her kodak "went out of commission" betimes. To Messrs. Paul Elder and Company and the Rev. F. H. Church and others who kindly gave the loan of photographs is due the credit of supplying views that otherwise would have necessarily been omitted.

Christianity gave the particular zest to this part of the sight-seeing. And the effect of mosque contacts seem to be rather to make one turn with the greater alacrity towards something Christian, even if it is lacking in that virtue next to godliness which the buildings of that old Babylon in Egypt for the most part certainly were. No line of orthodoxy seems to characterize the dust of the ages or the denizens. The Coptic churches all have an interest of their own and Abu Sergeh we find by threading our way through a dense mass of houses standing well towards the middle of the old fortress of Babylon. The dark crypt (twenty by fifteen feet) is associated in the legend with the visit of the Virgin and infant Christ when they fled to Egypt to avoid the wrath of Herod. They are said to have spent a month there (but I fear the average tourist is skeptical), though the crypt is much older than the superstructure which seemed to have served as a model for Coptic churches and has notable ancient carvings and inlaid work of ivory. We reverently lingered awhile in it as the Coptic priest was celebrating Mass assisted by his little boy and wife who were the only ones present. The service seemed to lack continuity as well as congregation as it went on, but it was in evidence as the old Coptic rite. Not far from Abu Sergeh is the Church of El-Mollaka suspended between two bastions of the old fortress, the oldest church in this Egyptian Babylon. Here the little party said the Creed and some prayers and I climbed into the ancient pulpit which is one of the most valuable furnishings of the old church and must be saturated with sermons. The Church of Santa Barbara, who was martyred during the persecution of Maximin, was nearby and in that are preserved several paintings of the Saint and in an iron casket relics of the Saint. After stopping in at an old synagogue to see what is claimed to

be the oldest Hebrew Bible on rolls and the traditional "Moses' Seat" we returned to the hotel to try to "collect our thoughts" which had been "aviating" over so many centuries and civilizations.

And a good deal might be added about the comforts of sleep for the weary pilgrim as "Shepheard's" provides them, and the dreamland where the wanderer can consort with the ancients, and especially with that Pharaoh who had previous experiences in that same land, to say nothing of his chief butler and chief baker.

LAND OF GOSHEN · BEIRUT · LEBANON · BAALBEK

HEBER'S visualizing lines in his well-used world-evangel hymn have singular exactness and beauty when they sing: "Where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand." At Assouan where the clear sunshine flooded the high sand hills sloping to the river bank with a rich aurous tinge and on the railway journey from Cairo to Port Said this was especially noticeable. At Tel-el-Kebir there was that strange lure of an historic battlefield in looking out over the low yellow sand ranges, and the soldiers' cemetery near by gave a tragic touch of modernism as it told of the sands stained by the bloodshed in the defeat of the rebellion under Arabi Pasha on September 13th, 1882, by the army under Sir Garnet Wolseley. And even the casual saunterer cannot but be impressed by the significance of that event and of the British influence in Egypt since, with which that event had so much to do. One need not try to thread the maze of international diplomacies or of counter criticisms of policies that have grown out of that overlordship to recognize highminded agencies like that of the late Mr. John M. Cook, head of the well known firm of Thomas Cook & Son, who transported the wounded from Tel-el-Keber to Cairo and proved a friend of both British and Egyptians in many patriotic ways that should be recognized and remembered outside of the business skill in creating the happy generations of "Cook's Tourists," or of Lord Cromer, one of the greatest race regenerators of modern times. The opinion of one of our own distinguished American

diplomats and statesmen, Ex-Secretary of State, the Hon. John W. Foster (in his *Diplomatic Memoirs*, Vol. II, p. 64), seems well worth quoting here. "Up to the time I visited (Egypt) in 1893," he says, "a wonderful transformation had been effected under British control. The financial condition had been completely reversed. Order had taken the place of lawlessness, and life and property were everywhere safe. A number of reforms had been brought about, such as the abolition of forced labor, taxes were equally levied and honestly collected; justice was impartially administered; a general system of education had been established; railroads had been extended; irrigation, the essential need of the country, had been greatly increased, and was better maintained than ever before."

But the railway journey soon recalls you to the older civilizations, as you realize that you are passing through the veritable "land of Goshen." Car-window outlooks show the indications of fertility and cultivation and the modern canal, in part a restoration of a very ancient canal, brings the fresh water from the Nile for irrigation and other purposes and clothes the land with grateful verdue. Pithom and Raamses were somewhere there, store-houses built by the Israelites under the task-masters of Pharoah whose exactions of "brick without straw" have made the proverb, and old fashioned children were brought up on the story of Joseph and the hard-hearted Pharoah that "knew not Joseph." Some of the excavators are reasonably sure of their identifications. But what the saunterer is apt to identify more in his childhood concern in listening to the old Bible story—a sort of instinct in the labor question—is to have someone get even with those bold bad Egyptians who made the lives of the Israelites "bitter with hard bondage in mortar and in brick, and in all

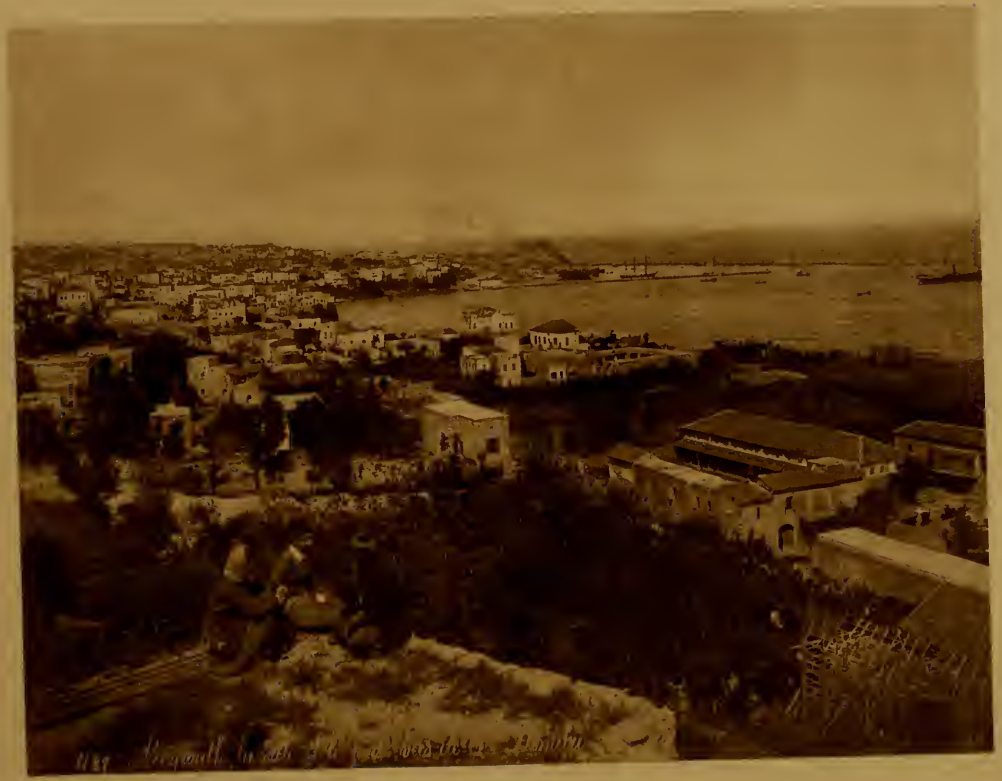
manner of service in the field." And that, too, after Joseph had been such a good man to them in his day. If Rameses the Second had anything to do with it this certainly can be pleaded in extenuation of the failure of the earlier Christians to restrain themselves from smashing the nose now and then of his ubiquitous statues! "Goshen," says the Baedeker, "may be located in the triangle between Zakazik, Belbeis, and Abu Hammad," but the saunterer knows it best between the lids of the Bible, and while the car windows open out upon the green landscape the mind pictures the hard times of the Hebrews and traces a training in the "love of the old" to one of its truest sources in boyhood blessed with a Christian home and the Bible.

The railroad to Port Said skirts the great Suez Canal with its big steamers moving at slow regulation speed with a sort of aspect of humiliation at being subjected to the smooth shallow waters and land lubbers restraints, like an automobile drawn by a horse. The American inevitably finds a bump of self-consciousness developing, "Wait, till you see our Panama Canal!" and a Californian adds, "And our Panama-Pacific Exposition." We remember, too, that it was somewhere along that canal where the Hawaiian King, Kamehameha the III., found a luncheon provided for him consisting entirely of sandwiches, the local authorities in anticipation of the royal visit having transposed the tidings of a telegram which tried to convey the order for a proper menu for the King of the *Sandwich* Islands!

Port Said is modern "from the ground up," and our steamer for Syria made good connections with the train so that we were soon sailing out past the notable lighthouse and the statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps on our way to Beirut before which we anchored early the next morning. Quite unex-

pectedly we found we were to have an extended opportunity to view Beirut and the coast-lines deliberately from the steamer's deck, as we at once learned that we were to be in quarantine for twenty-four hours. It was one of those Oriental "ways that are dark," as the examination showed a clear bill of health of all on board and our medical authorities did not seem to take themselves with marked seriousness. The only explanation that was vouchsafed was that there were rumors of some ill that flesh is heir to in Egypt whence we had sailed. What was suggested, however, as more reaching to the real inwardness was a quarantine "spat" between Syria and Egypt who do not altogether love each other as brothers, and it was even hinted that the opportunity for a special quarantine examination fee of two francs per person was not without its inducement. However, with clear weather and the snow-capped Lebanons in the perspective and the bold and attractive outlines of the city itself before us the day passed pleasantly, and "reading-up" about the sacred places we were about to visit took some of its hours. It was a great pleasure to find on board an old Philadelphian friend, Mr. Herbert Welsh, well known for his public spirit in many national movements for reform.

On disembarking it was a satisfaction to find an English Chapel for the Sunday services, and we visited the sea Grottoes—stopping for a moment to leave a card for President Bliss of the imposing American Presbyterian College—the flag of which was the most welcome "color" after all in the wealth of hues under the Syrian sunshine,—and drove to Dog River with the ancient Assyrian and other carvings on the scarp of the ravine through which it enters the sea. It was something of a surprise to find what a progressive missionary educational center



Beirut

The "stars and stripes" were flying over the American Presbyterian College as a compensation for our twenty-four hours' quarantine off shore where we were obliged to study the landscape from the deck. Beirut is "pretty well fixed" ecclesiastically, has a Roman Archbishop, a Greek Orthodox Bishop, and Maronite Archbishop, and English Chaplaincy, besides the highly regarded Presbyterian College under President Bliss above referred to. It is also the seat of much wealth, and with its fine water system, is reported to be the healthiest city on the Syrian coast.

as well as abode of wealth Beirut has become. It is the residence of a Roman Archbishop, a Greek Orthodox Bishop and Maronite—*i. e.*, Syrian alliance of the Roman Church—Archbishop, and with modern water-works is considered the healthiest town on the Syrian coast.

When from the ship we had the distant view of the white peaks of Lebanon gleaming in the sunlight we did not realize that the next arm of our journey was to take us so close to those same heights that we could have had a snow-balling party with the very "snow of Lebanon," of which Jeremiah speaks, by simply stepping from the train, if we had been so minded. The railroad across the mountains perhaps cannot vie with that "crookedest one in the world" up our California Mount Tamalpais, but in places it is almost as steep when the locomotive is reinforced with a cog and clutch device. And the scenic quality of it adds to the wonderful vistas of landscape and ocean the interest in many ancient mountain villages, some of them with the dire association with the terrible massacres of Christians in 1860—illustrating the "violence of Lebanon" of Habakkuk—which so stirred the world. Summer residences of Beirut people are also in evidence, and with strange incongruity one station is pointed out as "the Monte Carlo of Syria"—a gambling hell amid the "glory of Lebanon"! Surviving at various points are groves of the "big trees," the cedars of Lebanon, which once grew abundantly over the mountain and were used in the construction of the Temple of Solomon. A stump nearly fifteen feet in diameter is noted by a traveler as one of the largest which might possibly come within the "cotillion" possibilities of the California boast of tree size. However, our party aired no home "big talk" to speak of, on the whole trip, which seems a memorandum for which we think we

may ask due accrediting considering all the California consciousness we carried. And we could only get a glimpse in the far distance at the place of one of the chief groves of cedars left. The distinction given to the "Cedars of Lebanon" in Jotham's parable is perpetuated in the provision of a Maronite Chapel near that grove where the people have occasional festivals.

The conspicious "Six Columns" of Baalbek loomed up some time before the train reached that destination for the day and from groves that were "first temples" we turned to the great temple in that seat of the worship of Baal, or Helios of the Greeks and Jupiter of the Romans, as well as of Mercury, Venus and Bacchus. With the expert guidance of Mr. Michel M. Alouf, whose "History of Baalbek" is an authority, we were enabled to "do" the ruin as intelligently as possible to the passing tourist, and to distinguish its features as heathen temple, Christian Chapel and Mohammedan fortress. Mr. Alouf among many choice citations for the archæologist as well as for the parson traveler furnishes one which we quote as a sample both of his research and of the Christian interest in the ruin. "Constantine the Great contented himself with closing the temples of the Greeks, but Theodosius destroyed them. He transformed into a Christian Church the temple of Heliopolis, that of Baal—Helios, Baal, Sun, etc." With such a glow and charm of color as Robert Hichens in "The Holy Land," both in tinted illustrations and pen pictures, throws about Baalbek, there is no need to do more here than to refer to that book and Mr. Alouf's, for any one to catch the spirit of what Hichens calls "a magic of strangeness" in the place. The scale and size of it all must seem to any one stupendous and with the familiar photographs and description of the ruins I have seen, the actual

vision expanded out to the eye as instinctively as the measure of the conventional man standing near enables the camera to convey the real height of the building it photographs. The height of the Columns and their massive parts, the courses of the walls showing some single blocks sixty-nine by fourteen by sixteen feet—and at the quarry not far off there is lying a like monolith only partially tooled—as well as the area covered by the whole, leaves a sense of bulk difficult to convey. One writer sees in it all a Roman trait which he puts as follows: "The Romans had seen the huge Jewish stones at Jerusalem and began at Baalbek to work on a bigger scale, the Barnums of the ancient world, whose ambition was to run the biggest show on earth." But there came a thought at the time of our being in the spell of the visit, as I then associated it in Mr. Alouf's book, which, though it may be a mere fancy, does at least note a passing reverie: Did not the power Christianity was steadily gaining in those early centuries and in that part of the old world stimulate the contemporary emperors of Rome to great exploitation of the pagan cult by lavishing expenditure upon such a monumental temple?

ANTI-LEBANON · THE RIVER ABANA · DAMASCUS

A WORLD census of people away from home at any given moment, if it were possible, would make an interesting showing. And Californians would not be the "least among the tribes" in any such numbering. Sitting with us at the dining hour in the little hotel at Baalbek we could exchange greetings with two from our Oakland who happened to be in that remote corner of the earth, and at Reyak, a junction point on the railroad, in the shifting of trainloads it was our great pleasure to find Mrs. Dibblee of Ross, and later to have her for a fellow traveler in some of our journeyings. The comradeship of country in those far-off parts makes lasting attachments and tingles the blood anew with the sentiment "I am a Californian."

From Reyak after passing through a valley with its oaks, plane-trees and wild rose bushes, the railway begins to ascend the Anti-Lebanon range, reaching as its highest elevation four thousand six hundred and ten feet and opening out fine mountain views as did our crossing of Lebanon in going to Baalbek. The Lebanons are to Syria what our Sierras are to California. "Four great rivers," says Dr. George Adam Smith, "pass from the Lebanons across the length and breadth of the provinces." These are the Orontes, the Abana, the Litany and the Jordan. One wonders whether some future century will see them all harnessed to light and power companies!

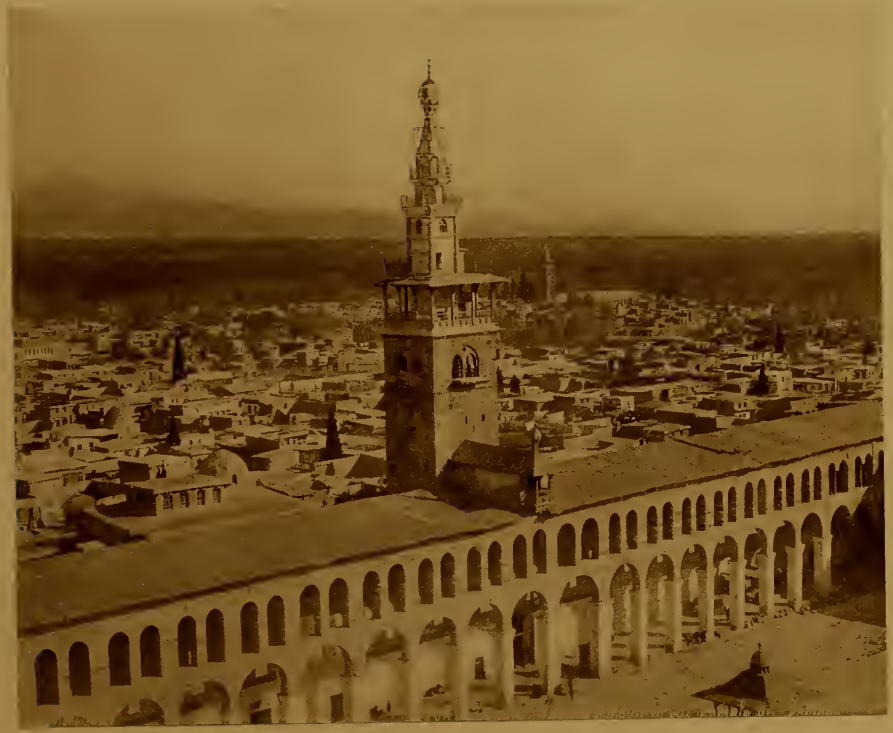
As the train winds around in the valley of the Abana, here and there patches of cultivation and fruit orchards again suggest home scenes, but signs

of thoroughfares of other ages make the saunterer wish he could have time to stop and explore the canyons which have been historic pathways. There, far above the river at one place, are the remains of a road skilfully hewn in the rock by the engineers of Marcus Aurelius. Below the road runs the line of an ancient aqueduct. Fleeing from Mohammedan conquerors, Christians in the seventh century sought refuge over those pathways and in those fastnesses high up—perhaps in some of those very ruins of temples and tombs of which we get snatch-glimpses as the cars hurry on. But as we descend towards the plain the river widens and speeds into rapids. Modern villas indicate approach to larger centers of population, and then the minarets of Damascus in the distance loom up, and soon we are in the city itself and learn that to be the oldest city in the world is far from meaning the city of senile torpidity. Indeed, with the incoming of a trainload of tourists, the scenes about the railroad station in general liveliness and babel might make our San Francisco Market Street Ferry runners feel their hubbub to be only a hush. Our faithful dragoman, Joseph, however, here as elsewhere throughout our Syrian trip, soon had us comfortably housed in our rooms at the hotel. Our windows immediately overlooked the "golden stream," Abana, rushing by with only a street's width between it and the hotel, and we had been riding so many hours by its side that it seemed like an old friend. And we did not wonder that the little captive maid of Israel had to quiet down Naaman the Syrian when with the pride of his native streams he asked: "are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" (2 Kings 5:12.)

One of the first questions we asked Joseph was: Do they try to point out the exact spot where the conversion of St. Paul occurred? The locality

claimed is some little distance from the city and we had no opportunity to visit it or to study the probability of the claim, but the question itself shows what is apt to be uppermost in the mind of the Christian visitor. He may recall the association with the Steward of Abraham, "Eliezer of Damascus," and perhaps with Abraham himself, who must have journeyed through that region; the fervid descriptions of the beauty of Damascus which in the story so appealed to Mohammed when, as a camel driver, he viewed it from a near elevation, that he refused to enter it lest he should be content to stay there and relinquish Paradise—the "spell of Damascus" can be understood; the simon-pure Orientalism it exhibits may be duly appreciated and the characteristic devotion to Islam may afford noteworthy traits, but with it all, to the thoughtful Christian sojourners I believe the genius of the place which will most command their interest will be its identification with that personality, Saul, who became Paul. It is one of the marked phenomena of Christian history that the world spots which have had contacts with Christ and His leaders are apt to be more widely famous in their modern interests for that than for any other notable events in their history, however ancient or prominent. Jerusalem, Tarsus, Constantinople are in evidence of this.

And so one of the first places visited is "the Street which is called Straight"—of which Mark Twain thought that there must be some latent humor in noting that it is *called* Straight!—and the supposed site of the house of Judas, with whom St. Paul stayed, and the house of good Ananias—and it is curious that there was at Damascus a guardian Judas and a *truthful* Ananias, as if to redeem both of those names from evil report. Then, of course, there is the wall of Damascus to be seen, and the very place



Damascus

Of the nearly two hundred and fifty Mosques and colleges in this most ancient city, one, the Omayyade Mosque, was once a Christian Church, on the traditional site of the "House of Rimmon," and by laboriously clambering up over low roofs the traveler can still see cut in Greek characters on the outside wall the prophecy, "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an Everlasting Kingdom and Thy dominion endureth throughout all ages."

pointed out where St. Paul was let down in the basket. But I fear even Joseph, the dragoman, was skeptical about the exact spot on the wall. His attitude of mind seemed a little like that of a California stage driver, one of the "old régime," with whom I once rode many miles "on the bridge." He confided in me that he had names and stories for all striking objects on his route; "For," said he, "these tourists are not happy until they get them!"

No fond fictions of "street and number," however, need disturb the keen satisfaction of knowing that the city itself saw the working out of that turning point in the life of the Great Apostle. There it was, and no mistake, where the one who with all his heart thought he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth became a "new creation in Christ Jesus" and learned to say, "by the grace of God I am what I am." And that could hardly help being the real "spell of Damascus" to a parson saunterer. To be sure, there was no lack of environment tending to dispel it. The site of the house of Judas was covered by a small mosque, Straight Street was lined with busy bazaars not always suggestive of the street named in their indirect, haggling Oriental ways of doing business. The Church of St. John Baptist, which tradition says was on the site of "the House of Rimmon," has given place to the great Omayyade Mosque, the Mohammedans having for a while allowed the Christians to occupy a portion of their former church. And the nearly two hundred and fifty mosques and colleges in Damascus and the cult everywhere could easily create an atmosphere of depression for the Christian traveler, if he yielded to it. But the whole effect with all its picturesque and antiquarian features is far from likelihood to make one wish to "settle there," that being the test of attractions especially valid to

admirers of a California town. And a city may be known, too, by its street cries. What can be said of the "city beautiful" taste of a place where, betraying a unique estimate of the use of the floral kingdom, among the street cries the flower sellers shout *salih hamatak*—the translation of which, alas, is "appease your mother-in-law"—and the Baedeker considerately adds, "*i. e.*, by presenting her with a bouquet!" That the "Damascus blade" is still in evidence was shown in a richly jeweled scimeter exhibited in one of the shops as made for the lately deposed Sultan of Turkey.

On the grand round the workers in brass are visited and many artistic articles can be bought and watched in the making. Little tots of children are there in numbers, some of these showing precocious skill, but the thought is inevitable, what a field for a "child labor" reform! When the mind begins to work upon questions of reform, however, the "off-duty" feeling prevails and the sigh comes, we have troubles enough of our own at home. It would be a serious mistake, however, not to recognize many marks of happy life, and it is wisely made part of the dragoman's sightseeing guidance to take the visitors to some of the residences in order to have glimpses both upon the domestic life and the rich furnishings of the houses of the wealthy. There is no space to speak of the long, varied and at times particularly stirring history of Damascus. But there is one of the most interesting experiences of all which can be referred to as having in it a revelation of what may prove to be prophecy. The Great Mosque above named has obliterated every possible Christian feature from its interior with a true Mohammedan instinct of suppression. But by wending our way down an alley on the outside and with some difficulty securing a ladder to clamber over the roofs of small

buildings adjacent to the outside wall, by bending down I saw cut in clear lettering in the stone the verse strangely allowed to remain, and in such a setting strikingly historic and comfortingly prophetic, which, translated, is: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom and Thy dominion endureth throughout all ages."

A RELIGIOUS RAILROAD · SEA OF GALILEE · CAPERNAUM

THE "Mecca Express" would now probably sound strange to the ear of a devout Muslim but that is what seems probable in a future folder for pilgrims of the Hajaz Railway. This railway was begun in 1901 by the late Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid II., to join Damascus with Mecca. The railroad is still under construction and subsidies for it were in debate in the Turkish Parliament when we were in Constantinople, and a debate with all the up-to-date embellishment of suiting fist-in-the-face to its action for the opponent, the blow causing no small stir in the assembly as well as in the "scareheads" of the newspapers. The unique feature of this pilgrimage railway is its distinct religious motive. We have railroads in California, where, to be sure, our brakemen often call off catalogues of the Saints, *e. g.*, San Mateo, San Jose, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, etc.—and one of our veteran clergy had in earlier days the somewhat novel position of "Chaplain" of a railroad which, under the rigid laws, qualified him for a pass as an officer of the road; and another veteran missionary in whose field was San Ardo explained to me that San Ardo was a Saint canonized by the Southern Pacific Railroad and the Postoffice Department, they having agreed to cut out the "Bern" from the previous name of San Bernardo in order to avoid confusion with San Bernardino. But generally speaking railroads are not purely pious enterprises. And this same Hajaz Railway bids fair to be a subtile *fautor* of crass modernism for the Muslim. The tourist him-

self becomes conscious of this and is disabused of any ideas he might have entertained that the extreme age of Damascus implied a "sleepy town" when he has to arise at four in the morning to take the train—even though in deference to Oriental antipathy to haste the train may not start for an hour and a half after he is "all aboard." And whatever may be the effect in prestige upon the faithful of ultimately "ticketing through" the eleven hundred and eighteen miles instead of trudging it with the patient "ship of the desert" or otherwise, it is very evident that the faithful take to it very kindly and perhaps the iron horse will do things about those parts that the Crusader's horse could not do. Pilgrims were swarming about the station in the early dawn, and one group from Persia in their picturesque costume sitting on the ground in a circle at their breakfast, was especially interesting, as was the general hubbub of the entraining.

Our faces were duly turned toward Mecca as far as Derat, supposed to be the ancient Edrei where Og, King of Bashan, he of big bedstead fame—and the wonder is that the bed is not shown—lost the battle to Moses, some seventy-seven miles from Damascus—and then we turned off on the branch line opened in October, 1905, to bring the pilgrims from Haifa on the coast. We would not willingly have missed this installment of the real "Going to Mecca" with our motley fellow passengers, and were gratified that our itinerary was by this rather than by the parallel railway of the "Societe du Chemin de Fer Damas-Hama et Prolongements," the first railway built in Syria, in 1894, and on one line of which we had come from Beirut to Damascus. (Here we have another familiar modern feature of "parallel railroads" over those remote pathways of the ancients.)

A ride of about fifty miles carried us through the Hauran and Decapolis and for some distance in the wild-flowered valley of the River Yarmuk, which showed skillful engineering at many bold points for the railroad, and with an object lesson of the exposure to violence of the few isolated inhabitants in our taking aboard a man recently seriously stabbed by bandits. We left the cars at Samakh, the station on the Sea of Galilee, over six hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. There is a good deal of uncertainty as to the weather effects the traveler will find as he comes in sight of that sheet of water, of more interest and more written about than any other lake in the world. And that makes very vivid descriptions of it as it was associated with our Lord. A fellow traveler who had visited it just before we were there found the surface thrashed with storm, and in describing her own anxiety and that of the others in the puny boat, reflected the familiar scene when "there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with waves." Our first view of it in its serenity amid the glory and the gloom of the surrounding hills suggested rather the winds and sea obeying Him, Who spake the "Peace be still" when there was the great calm. Curiously enough on one of our expeditions when we joined a larger party in small boats towed by a launch, a copious leak developed in our little craft and so we were not altogether without unmistakable symptoms of nervousness on the part of some in the boat—though there was no real danger—to enable them to sample the sensation.

The row of several miles from the railroad station to Tiberias gave good opportunity to study our oarsmen, the boat, the shore and the general contour of that historic "surface of sparkling blue," around which we are told in our Lord's time there were nine

cities each with a population of not less than fifteen thousand, forming "an almost unbroken ring of building" around the lake which is nearly thirteen miles long and eight miles wide at its greatest breadth with its greatest depth varying from one hundred and thirty-seven to one hundred and fifty-seven feet. Now Tiberias with a population of about five thousand and three or four small villages and the wandering Bedouin and still more wandering tourists are all the humanity "in those coasts." And strangely enough while the Gospels record so many associations of Christ with the Lake of Gennesaret they have no mention that Tiberias was ever visited by Him. And so this place has even perpetuated the name of the Roman Emperor Tiberius, given it by Herod who beheaded John the Baptist, (and as some think it was at this very Tiberias, the Capital, that Herod made the rash promise to the daughter of Herodias,) as if in the more signal contrast with the destruction and almost obliteration of Bethsaida, Chorazin and Capernaum in fulfilment of the dire woes specifically uttered over them. "Thy paths are in the great waters" is an instinctive text as one takes the trips from Tiberias to the supposed sites of the Bible places and passes the shores once so thick with events of our Lord's life and that of His Apostles. The identification of Capernaum seems to the archæologists more probable than that of some others, and we spent sufficient time there to go over the ruins and see the lone Franciscan Father who is the custodian of the property, his one brother Franciscan companion having died. Clambering over the tumbled blocks of stone with traces of carving here and there, we found what seemed to be the interesting relic noted by some of the antiquarians who have written of their investigations of the site. What looked like the representation of a pot of manna on a

large stone which may have been the lintel of the old synagogue has suggested to some, like Edersheim, that this may have been the very symbol over the door of the synagogue built by the good Centurion, to which the Master is thought to have pointed in his teaching at Capernaum (see St. John's sixth chapter) when He contrasted the living Bread with the manna which the fathers ate in the wilderness. As one looks back upon it, it all seems something like a dream land-and-water experience, a sort of abstract Bible reading and picturing over again, and almost too much of a realization to be true, of the desire of a life-time to have the actual seeing of the eye of such sacred spots. And we scanned eagerly, and our eyes lingered upon shore line and hill summit as supposed sites of Magdala, Bethsaida, Chorazin and "the other side" to which our Lord passed and repassed were pointed out to us. As the plain of Gennesaret sloped in gentle undulation from the water's edge the sower could be fondly visualized sowing his seed before the eyes of those listening to the Master teaching from the boat as He used the seed scattered upon the various kinds of ground in the parable. Somewhere over there beyond the inlet of the Jordan Christ fed the multitude in the place "where there was much grass." Then in the desolate bluff-like hills across the lake there was all the dismal setting for the demoniac and the distrustful Gadarenes. Were it not for these absorbing associations with the King of Kings, the city of Tiberias would invite more attention to its own antiquities. The ruin of the old citadel still stands on a coign of guardianship just over the city and repaid the climbing around it, though it is always more or less of an aggravation to visit such deserted walls and to have a sense of their silence quickened by the very curiosity to know what thrilling tales they would be likely to tell if they

Capernaum

A courteous old Franciscan monk and his dog were living near the ruins in loneliness, the Companion Brother having died not long since. We saw on a huge block of stone a carving which some archæologists have supposed to be a representation of "Manna" in the old Synagogue lintel that may have been pointed at by our Lord in His discourse of St. John VI. "Your Fathers did eat manna in the wilderness," etc.

could only speak. Though at first few Jews could be persuaded to live in Tiberias when it was founded by Herod Antipas, after the destruction of Jerusalem it became a sort of second capital for their race with its Sanhedrim or Council transferred there and schools and literature, including the Talmud, Mishna and Massorah, flourishing there for several centuries. Now the Jews, many of them immigrants from Poland, constitute about two-thirds of the population and are much in evidence with their characteristic black hats, fur caps and side locks of hair. They regard Tiberias as one of the four holy places, and the Talmud is much studied there. A somewhat noisy street wedding procession of the people passed the hotel one of the evenings we were there. To San Franciscans it is a matter of sympathetic interest that Tiberias suffered very seriously from an earthquake in 1837. About a mile to the south of Tiberias on the shore are the warm baths celebrated from a remote antiquity. The little hotel, among other souvenirs, has on exhibition dried fish to show the same kind now as in the Lord's time, and the fishing processes are said to be much the same. At the hotel table we found as residents an artist from Connecticut and the Turkish officer in command of that section, besides a large party of English tourists conducted by a member of Parliament, and several Roman priests from America evidently enjoying themselves incog. and in khaki. Far off as it is in longitude and its real period of history-making, Tiberias sees a good deal of the modern strenuous globe-trotting life after all, and "a penny for your thoughts" is an offer one is sometimes tempted to make to a native who looks on at the hurly-burly of the comings and goings. But the thoughts which come to the saunterer as he sits while the evening shadows are thickening on the lake and the hills are

deepening the purple of their regal associations with the Great King into the darkness which discloses the infinities of the star depths, it would be difficult to appraise or define. There is, however, something of an unmistakable soothing and calm about it all as if the spirit were still listening to the blessed message over the storm tossed waters, "Peace, be still." And one comes out of it with new incentive for faith with which by the Master's help to pass the ever present "waves of this troublesome world."

MOUNT OF BEATITUDES · NAZARETH · ESDRAELON · CARMEL

"To tell of Thy loving-kindness early in the morning" was an instinctive note of thanksgiving for the privilege of passing through those sacred hills and for the exhilaration of air and outlook as we began the day with the start from Tiberias for Nazareth. The summit of the roadway just back of Tiberias affords a view of the Sea of Galilee, embosomed in the hill country, which is like a psalm set to music in itself. The just idea of the effects of the glinting waters and rounded skyline and Springtime verdure as the setting for the reveries upon the mighty peopling of the past, defies the pen, it makes demand for its expression as of old "Upon an instrument of ten strings and upon the lute: upon a loud instrument and upon the harp."

And as if to continue the musings over things beyond speech, one of the first points of interest on the drive is the supposed "Mount of Beatitudes," a gently descending slope then covered with wildflowers, the attractive carpeting of which turned our eyes as the Blessed Preacher of the Sermon on the Mount had turned those of His hearers, to "Consider the lilies of the field." And then curiously enough in the immediate vicinity was a colony of Jews, brought there by philanthropic enterprise, from the less advantageous conditions of a country where they were strangers, to enable them to till again the land of their ancient people. What could be a more striking object lesson of the very providence taught by God's care for the lilies and the fowls of the air! And who knows but that it may be some stage

of an answer to the prayer that their Heavenly Father will "fetch them home" otherwise to His Son.

Then on the drive we met a company of hundreds of Russian pilgrims trudging on their way to Jerusalem, most of them as well on in their pilgrimage of life as they were on their journey to their goal. And on their honest peasant faces there seeemed to be a light of happy expectation that was a parable in itself of life's true peace amid all its dust and weariness of the way, in knowing that

"Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last."

One is rather glad that it cannot be certain that the traditional Cana of Galilee is the real place. There is nothing in the Cana through which our drive took us to appeal to devout sensibilities of the two home-life miracles worked there, or of the fragrance and heydey of the reference to it in our Marriage Service. Hichens says of it: "The village is small, dusty, stony and crowded with children and flies. . . . . A clamor for money pursued us down the hillside." And the rival Latin and Greek establishments feel it necessary to even up each other by showing rival waterpots from which the water was made wine!

Nazareth, however, is soon reached and as the roadway winds around down into the town there is a good general view of it. The place possesses only one spring and that fact affords reasonable assurance that "Mary's well" is a true identification and that just there were once seen those of the home of Nazareth fetching water as now the Spring is frequented by the motley and picturesque groups. One of the delightful legends about "Sunnyside" from Washington Irving, whose home it was, is that its spring was brought from Holland! That, however, would appear to be the only instance of a

View of Haifa from the sea

Under the shadow of Carmel—the contour of the coast not a little suggestive of that near our Carmel-by-the-Sea.

portable spring and so statistics are all against there ever having been any other spring in any other place in Nazareth, and this slight *excursus* here into the field of higher criticism seems to make that one spot shown the tourists a true postulate. But as to nearly all the other labels of sites and scenes, much as one might wish they were authentic, he cannot but have grave questionings as to whether the wishes of some centuries of tourists and theorists, who have been before him, are not father to the thought. However there is an interest just because so many have looked upon them, and even mistaken antiquity after a while gathers a human interest about it from the very multitudes who want to see it anyway, and beaten paths around fancied relics have a lure just because they are beaten. Successive generations of travelers are like the individual who tells the story so often that he finally believes it himself! And so we would not have missed, all said and done, the seeing what is claimed as Joseph's House, Workshop and all the rest. There was plenty that was old enough, and then the guardians enjoyed showing them. Toward evening we climbed one of the high hills through streets that no hyperbole could call either straight or broad and had a twilight view of some of the everlasting hills including Tabor, Little Hermon and Gilboa. Near the summit of the hill was an orphanage of the Church of England, whose good matron gave us some idea of its need and satisfactory working and "received us courteously," it being an especial pleasure to hear our own tongue and be in a Church atmosphere where there was such an abundance of everything else.

The proverbial Syrian sunshine flooded the hilltops with its early morning rays to give us far reaching views just where we especially valued them in going from Nazareth to Haifa on the sea coast.

For there opening out before us were heights and valleys made memorable by great events and turning points in both Old and New Testament history, such as at Endor with its witch, Harosheth Sisera's home and Nain where the widow's son was raised, as well as nearer views of Tabor and Hermon, Gilboa and Carmel. A military man would find the Old Testament in many of its parts a veritable book of Strategy of Armies covering these parts. Crusaders times also have this same interest. Descending, the drive carried us across the historic plain of Esdraelon. Marks of extended cultivation here and there as if the overlook were over a great California Valley Ranch suggest what could be done in the way of developing again the acres of Palestine, if only the more settled conditions of government and of agricultural tenure were accomplished. A wealthy Greek of Beirut has bought up a greater part of the plain and is reported to find it a profitable investment. As to a realizing sense of the Plain of Esdraelon itself, sometimes called Jezreel and sometimes Megiddo, I owed much—and the same might be said once for all of many points in the Holy Land,—to Dr. George Adam Smith already referred to, and every visitor thereabouts should first with his map in hand read his XIX Chapter of Book II. (*The Historical Geography of the Holy Land, pp.* 379-410). Pointing out the five great natural gateways to sea and to desert, making Esdraelon "a vast theatre with its clearly-defined stage, with its proper exits and entrances," he asks "Was ever arena so simple, so regulated for the spectacle of war?" And he traces "in outline" the arrival of those armies whose almost ceaseless contests have rendered this plain the classic battle-ground," from the victory of Deborah and Barak to the retreat of Napoleon through it in 1799. We rested our horses by the "brook Kishon"

and I picked some pebbles from the brook bed to preserve in my collection. The modern railroad bridge which spans it near where we stopped suggests more of the "iron horse" than of the menacing horses and chariots of Sisera, but Deborah's thrilling words recall the part the brook played in overcoming the odds between the footmen of Israel and the chariot-steeds of Sisera. And we remember the characteristic weakness of Israel fearing such odds, to rely upon horsemen and chariots more than upon "the living God."

"The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon . .
There were the horsehoofs broken by the means of the plungings, the plungings of their mighty ones."

Strangely enough as we sat there by the quiet little stream a swarthy Bedouin came up with his long gun, and this might have scheduled an opportunity for an adventure, but it was only to come close to this child of the desert whose kind I had only before seen at a distance near the black tents, and to have an interesting conversation with him with our Dragoman as interpreter, in which it transpired that he wanted to sell me a horse,—could it be one of Sisera's *redivivus*? Certainly the spell of the old fierce charge was about the stream and it was not difficult to imagine it angry and swollen betimes. An inquisitive young person once asked of brooks in general why if they are disposed to be so joyous in action they should be continually *murmuring*? Kishon has a right to murmur even when not swollen with anger.

But now actually towering above us was Carmel and the "beauty of Carmel" had been before our eyes during nearly the whole drive which had at length brought us to its foot. Boldly it stands out, about twenty miles long between the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon, varying from six hundred to over one-

thousand seven hundred feet in height above the sea, covered with "excellency" of wood, shrubbery and every wildflower of the region, and kept green perennially by the heavy dews. On its heights away from the water a few religious buildings are plainly visible and there are many caves where hermits lived. It affords a worthy setting for the dramatic scenes associated with Elijah and Elisha and the exploitation of it by the Carmelite Friars leads many tourists to thread its roads and spend days upon its elevations. The ordinary visit to it is by carriage drive up the steep grade from Haifa, which is a memorable experience in itself, affording as it does in clear weather the extended view of the Mediterranean shore from the lighthouse of ancient Tyre on the north to Cæsarea on the south, and including Acre. The Monastery and other buildings are worth inspection, the Order of the Carmelites dating from the end of the twelfth century. At the time of Napoleon's invasion the monastery was used as a hospital and there is near it a monument to French Soldiers. There is too a Mohammedan cemetery, they having also occupied the mountain. There are besides places shown as having been associated with Elijah, such as a grotto below the high altar in the Church, the spot being held sacred by Muslims also. Haifa on the bay of Acre, to which we returned to take the steamer to Jaffa, is a thrifty looking town of about fifteen thousand people, presenting a good deal of the enterprise of German colonists who first came in 1869. The names of Tancred and Saladin are associated with it during the period of the Crusades, and it was the *Sycaminum* of Greek and Latin writers. As we looked up at Carmel from Haifa on the shore, we could easily understand the felicity of the suggestion of the name Carmel to our Junipero Serra and the brothers, in the resemblance on a

smaller scale of the outlines of our California Carmel Bay and mountain to that conformation of the Coast. Both ridges jut out promontory-like into the water and both shelter bays curving gracefully around inward from their points as if guardians, and shapers of salubrious air and wave currents, for happy homes, the one for Haifa-by-the-Sea and the other for Carmel-by-the-Sea. But true religious mission was the original *motif* of man in making both historical.

UP TO JERUSALEM

It is said that a clever motor-boat owner once named his racer "Hardegg" to fix the fact that it never could "be beaten." It is not to claim that there is the same significance hotel-wise to note the somewhat unusual name "Hardegg" of the landlord of the hotel where we stopped at Jaffa. And evidently a name appealed to the proprietor as worth making an omen (*nomen, omen*) for our crowded hostelry was the "Jerusalem Hotel" with its rooms named after Scriptural characters and we were with clerkly promptitude "shown up to Reuben."

Leaving Jaffa or Joppa for further comment in telling of our return there to embark after we were storm staid, it need only be mentioned here that not many hours after landing from the steamer that brought us from Haifa we took the train for Jerusalem. Fortunately our Dragoman had secured for our party comfortable "reservations" with our luggage carefully rescued from the mass and placed we exceptionally knew where. That enabled us calmly to contemplate the polyglot struggle and expressions of the heated pilgrims around us over exigent questions of seats and stacks of belongings. In the luggage-room the agitated railroad officials were using the great heap of nondescript articles as a sort of barricade to keep off the surging passengers, and one of them not only was true to our *soubriquet* "baggage-smasher" but in pugilistic fashion toppled over one invader who with decided Gallic intensity had tried to storm the barricade in order to enforce his wish to come to his own.

We were, however, soon on our way reflecting that after all we must expect highly congested travel

Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem

A busy and motley thoroughfare, near which was our hotel. The gateway was widened and part of the wall removed at the time of the visit of the German Emperor a few years since.

at this time of the pilgrims and tourists flocking to Jerusalem for Easter and we were really and subsidingly all aboard. The three hours and a half on the journey of fifty-four miles to the Holy City had more than enough to occupy them both with observation of the motley fellow passengers within the train and the historic hills and valleys and stations in car window glimpses without. It quickens the zest for the soon coming opportunity of a lifetime to say "Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem," to try to keep eyes both on printed page with its running description of place after place of antiquity and on the surroundings for which the hurrying train only allows time for instant identification, such as Lydda, Ramleh, the so-called Sampson's Cavern, etc. The railway station at Jerusalem is about three-quarters of a mile from the Jaffa Gate, the carriage ride crossing the Valley of Hinnom and we were soon at our hotel—the Grand New Hotel—just inside where the Jaffa gateway stood of old, for the former narrow gateway was much widened for the visit of the Emperor of Germany a few years since.

And now that we were in Jerusalem, and were not dreaming it, the Saunterer finds himself at this stage of his narrative obliged to come to some sort of definite agreement with himself as to just what bent he will follow in telling of the experiences there. For such an experience is apt to awaken in an enthusiastic traveler several kinds of interest. His Bible of course becomes a book of bewildering suggestions of study on the spot. His historical studies, his dipping into archæology here and there, his devotional instincts, his sense of absorption in the novel phases of Oriental life and of the microcosm of mingled races more than ever in evidence at Eastertide, all these feel the stimulus of the time and place, and could enter truly into the telling. Not like as a dream when

one awaketh but rather the reverse, like as a wide-awakefulness that is as when one dreameth, seems to describe it. It comes to this, then, that there is really no other practical way to treat it in a story like this than to keep to the thread of it as each day's sight-seeing furnished it, without trying to analyze or to moralize. No two goings up to Jerusalem are just alike and it is only as a saunterer not as a scholar that the attempt will be made to tell something of what we saw and did. As the itinerary was all arranged for us by experts, representing much acquaintance with economies of distance and time, we at least wasted none of our opportunities.

We were first taken to the temple precincts by our Dragoman, accompanied by the Turkish policeman, who is a necessary adjunct as a sort of credential among the Mohammedan faithful and mosque habitues. And then of course we were prepared to find as one must be throughout Jerusalem "vain imaginations," Mohammedan and Christian, interspersed with authoritative facts. One need not be gullible, even if he does now and then believe that the credible investigators have made some identifications practically infallible for reverent and zestful sight-seeing. And it seems worth while to quote here one of the most recent and most competent utterances upon the whole matter from one who had given twenty-seven years to the study of the evidence. He says, "As to the topography itself, one cannot give an adequate idea of it without the details of the controversies—topical, textual and historical—which have been more numerous and more keenly debated in the case of Jerusalem than in that of any other site in the world. Recently, however, the main issues have been cleared of much irrelevant reasoning, and there is a remarkable tendency towards agreement upon many of the conclusions." The Book

from which this is quoted ("*Jerusalem From the Earliest Times to A. D. 70*," 2 Vols., 8vo., by Dr. George Adam Smith, Hodder and Stoughton, London,) is well known as a modern masterpiece for the Jerusalem cult. Every thoughtful tourist there should read it. And it furnishes for the Sunday School curriculum and lecture courses most attractive material for popular instruction. The illustrations and maps in the volumes supplemented with such lantern slides as are furnished by Vester & Co. (who send full catalogues) at Jerusalem enable congregations to see almost with the eyes of travelers. Not a little encouragement too can be found by every faithful Sunday School teacher, whose tasks sometimes seem small and unproductive, to read from Dr. Smith's preface an acknowledgment of one of his greatest debts: "My introduction to the history of Jerusalem and my earliest interest in it were due to the guidance of the dear kinswoman, my first teacher, to whose memory I have dedicated this work." (Vol. I., p. XV.) "If Monica had not prayed Augustine would not have preached," and we might say that if the "dear kinswoman" had not taught, this invaluable work would not have been written.

Now the temple area we visited is an irregularly shaped space with its south side nine hundred and twenty feet, north side ten hundred and thirty-five feet, east side fifteen hundred and forty feet, and west side sixteen hundred and five feet, or roughly speaking nearly fourteen times as large as the Grace Church Cathedral Block in San Francisco. This is known as the Haram esh-Sherif and the central feature of it is the Holy Rock or es-Sakhra. And this rock and the temple area as well as the general site of Jerusalem are among the things Adam Smith rates as well accepted for what they are claimed to be.

The present barracks too on the northwest angle of the temple area are on the site of the Castle Antonia from the steps of which St. Paul made his defense to the mob. However much the *debris* from the shocks of earthquakes and of human violence in thirty-three centuries of history has deeply buried under old streets and sites, even a few of such certainties redeem all the "long careless chatter about the holy sites which has confused or obliterated the genuine memories of the past." The rock is fifty-eight feet long and forty-four feet wide and rises from four to six feet above the surrounding pavement. It is scarred and rounded as if the generations of men who have sacrificed there as did Solomon, had worn it like the abrasion of a great human glacier. It is enclosed within an ornamented wooden barrier and one has to mount steps to get a good view of it. Over it is built the highly decorated mosque known as the Dome of the Rock and under it is a hollow with its multitude of legends and superstitions to which the visitor can descend. Fanatical Mohammedans are sometimes found in the cavern and not many years since one of them attacked a tourist who had in some way offended his religious sensibilities. And about the time of our visit to Jerusalem there was considerable stir over a rumor that some foreign excavators had secured valuable sacrosanct loot from under the rock.

The usual round to other objects of interest of the Temple area took us to the little "Dome of the Chain," with its traditions of a chain stretched across the entrance whose links fell out at the touch of a liar—a suggestion for a coat of arms for an "Ananias Club"—the Dome of Mohammed's Ascension, the Aksa Mosque supposed to occupy the site where originally a Christian basilica was built by Justinian, the sub-structure including "Solomon's

Stables" where are shown holes cut in the angles of the stone piers for the tethering of Crusaders' horses. There are also scattered over the area, pulpits and prayer places and pools for ablutions, with trees here and there. It all is likely to cause a jumble of impressions over temple and mosque associations and it is not pleasant to look up and see not the cross but the crescent aloft against the sky. But with all the serried hosts of humanity that the imagination conjures up around that central spot of the ages in their past generations, some lasting reflections upon contemporary life are thrust upon the visitor. The Mohammedan priest who took us around the Dome of the Rock had a sunny sense of humor even when collecting *bakshish* over the nails Mohammed drove in the slab of jasper that covered Solomon's tomb, the gradual removal of which by the aforesaid *bakshish* is to precipitate the end of the world! And the swarm of beggars everywhere drew from our Dragoman the Arabic saying to the effect that "The head (industry) will live, the tail (beggary) will live, but the middle (honest poverty) will die."

BETHLEHEM · JERICHO · THE DEAD SEA · THE JORDAN

TANCRED, with a band of Crusaders in 1099 made an especial circuit when on his way to take part in the Capture of Jerusalem, in order that he might set the standard of the cross on the walls of Bethlehem to signalize the birth of the Crusaders' Kingdom in the birthplace of the King of Kings. History soon showed the pathos of such a sentiment in the humiliating downfall before Saladin in 1187 of the century old Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem which in its harassed existence had already evoked from the pity of Christendom the by-word "Christ's second crown of thorns." And a modern visit to Bethlehem associates with it that same pathos of failure in the Crusader's dream, and quickens the sensitiveness to the fallacy of even trying to repeat the mistake of those first followers of Christ who would make Him fill the throne of an earthly ruler rather than that of a spiritual King. But it does more. It poignantly impresses the thought and imagination with the divisions in His spiritual kingdom which have worked such havoc in its power and progress. Around the recess in the grotto shown as the Chapel of the Nativity where the exact spot is supposed to be marked by the inscription, "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*," there are fifteen lamps burning, but six of them are scrupulously assigned to the Greek Christians, five to the Armenian Christians and four to the Latin Christians and questions of mine or thine have at times so agitated the respective "religious" of those various adherents that scuffling and hand to hand

belaboring with any weapon ready have excited the "scornful wonder" of the Mohammedan Turk and given him occasion to keep soldiers on guard there. The Mussulman policing the birthplace of the Prince of Peace to keep His followers from flying at each other makes a pitiful spectacle of the strife on earth where the message of Peace on Earth was first published, and lamps lighting the cavernous recesses become feud irritants under the same skies which once blazed with the glory of the heavenly host as the Light of the world was revealed to the shepherds watching in the fields still pointed out adjoining Bethlehem! It was a positive relief to have such trains of thought arrested by a touching picture upon which we came as we reached the spot. There is a large silver star let into the pavement just by the inscription and a little Russian boy was kneeling to kiss it as his father looked on with that settled expression of peace and joy that is noticeable in the rugged faces of so many of the Russian pilgrims. As the father anointed the boy's forehead the simple faith of it all and the indelible impression it must have made on the little one himself were welcome suggestions of larger realizations of the Prince of Peace to dissipate the immediate hauntings of a Christendom, "by schisms rent asunder." But when one considers the close contacts of the three bodies of Christians and the almost less than chalk-line boundaries to deprive them even of that security when "good fences make good neighbors," perhaps the wonder is there is not more of the unseemly clashing. As it is, the intonings of their various rites sometimes mingle in the ears of the visitors with many really harmonious notes of worship and belief, and it is something to see as one approaches Bethlehem what is so unique in that Moslem land, as one traveler has pointed out, that above the Church of the

Nativity which is the joint property of Greeks, Latins and Armenians, stands out against the sky-line, a Church tower and not a minaret! This Church itself with its antecedents associated with Constantine and Justinian has an interesting if troubled history and is noticeable for a very small entrance door which owes its restricted opening to a fear well grounded in the past of violent invasion. Some inscriptions of resolutions of the Council of Constantinople concerning the Godhead of the Holy Ghost and of resolutions of other Councils appealed to the saunterer as having an especial interest in the interior. In the association of Bethlehem with St. Jerome, that refugee from city distraction, and his translation of the Bible into Latin and other works, both a chapel and tomb hewn out of the rock under the Church are now, with what authority we cannot stop to enquire, identified with him. Bethlehem has among its inhabitants a good deal of business in making ornaments and curios of mother-of-pearl, wood, coral, etc., and the shopkeepers just off the plaza in front of the Church of the Nativity—many of whom have been at foreign expositions with their wares—in their rivalries and persistence for customers could make any body of energetic cabmen around the exit of an American railroad station green with envy.

The road to Jerusalem, the distance being some five miles and a half, has its reminders of Old Testament history in the so-called Tomb of Rachel, and Ruth and David must have seen the principal hill outlines very much as they are now.

Quite different from the trip to Bethlehem was that to Jericho. Few American tourists can resist the expression, however antiquated, "Jordan is indeed a hard road to travel." "A more hot and heavy way it is impossible to conceive—between

blistered limestone rocks, and in front the bare hills piled high without shadow or verdure," so one writer describes it. As it leads down to the *Dead* Sea it might be well called the *Killing* road for man and beast. The descent from Jerusalem over twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea is to the level of the Dead Sea itself nearly thirteen hundred feet *below* the level of the Mediterranean. And we were at Jericho at a time to appreciate its intense heat. But withal the journey was one full of absorbing sightseeing and the only "bitter taste it left in the mouth" was that of a very cautious sip of Dead Sea water, "to see what it was like," and that left no manner of doubt that it holds in solution some five times as much solids as ocean water, and that the solid bitterness of the solution has a lasting power capable of developing a gustative antiquity all of its own.

Some hummocks which mark the site of old Jericho have been investigated by German excavators, but little of interest has been thus far found, and Elisha's Fountain, near the mounds, is one of the first places visited. It is difficult in the present "swimming bath" appearance of the waters from the spring to visualize Elisha casting the salt from the new cruse to "heal the waters," but the irrigation from this spring has much to do with the tropical flora of the neighborhood which includes among other things the *spina Christi* of the crown of thorns. The present village of some three hundred inhabitants is not attractive though the hotels are fair. Ours was well beflagged, but I felt bound to ask the proprietor to revise the position of the stars and stripes in order to redeem our home country from appearing to hold out a signal of distress, the star-spangled banner unfortunately floating upside down, and suggesting that surely enough as a nation we

had "Gone to Jericho!" But the very fact of the flag told upon the tourist.

The afternoon drive from Jericho to the Dead Sea and then to the Jordan, covering in all some fifteen miles, was rendered less uncomfortable from the heat by an overcast sky and a breeze, and we were gathering impressions for a lifetime of Gilgal and Mount Nebo, the so-called Mount of Temptation looming up with its sky-line of walls, the monastery occupying the alleged site of John Baptist's habitation, the Mountains of Moab in the distance and other points, all associated with the "Wilderness of Judea." There is a spell of desolateness about it all, and as has been well said, "You begin to understand the influence of the desert on Jewish imagination and literature. It gave the ancient nations of Judea, as it gives the mere visitor of today, the sense of living next door to doom." A grateful interlude in the drive is to stand "On Jordan's bank" when the waters toss themselves merrily along under the trees with a swift current. This stopping point is called the place of the baptism of Christ and is much frequented by pilgrims. We dipped into the running stream and took away some of the water to be sterilized and prepared at Jerusalem, as is done for transportation home in small, especially decorated, canteens for use at baptisms. Our return journey up to Jerusalem began with a very early morning start to avoid the heat, and included considerable walking up the steeper places to "relieve the team." That afforded us the more deliberate opportunity to look back upon the Dead Sea and the plain and to note ruins of castles and aqueducts by the roadside. Then across the dizzy depth of a great ravine, supposed to be the Valley of Achor, clinging lichen-like to the rugged face of a cliff, is the Greek Monastery of St. George, a sort of penitentiary for priests, a very

The Jordan

By some supposed to be near the place of the baptism of Christ. It is not suggestive of standing on "stormy banks" but "the waters toss themselves merrily along under the trees with a swift current." Many tourists here dip out of it water for baptismal fonts at home.

achievement of ingenuity in solitary confinement. We tarried awhile at the only well for miles, known as the "Apostles' Spring" from the tradition that the Apostles drank of its waters on their journeys through these parts. But the half-way house, where horses and their carriage loads stop to rest, furnishes an hour of "entertainment for man and beast" all of its own. "Mine host" is a thrifty Hebrew who improves each shining hour with importunities to buy from his stock of antiques and curios and picture postals, and enlivens his motley guests with such badinage as offering to sell "salt from Lot's wife!" This Khan is in a region quite deserted, and the parable of "The Good Samaritan" becomes the more graphic from such a setting. It is, as we may say in California, "an ideal place for hold-ups," and before the time of Christ had been so infested with robbers that Roman soldiers had to patrol it to protect the travelers.

Nearing Jerusalem we stopped at Bethany, and there with the satisfaction of the general site visited the not so satisfactory placings of the tomb of Lazarus and sites of the Homes of Martha and Mary and of Simon the Leper. Then back to our hotel, and Bethlehem, Jericho, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, the Wilderness and Bethany had, by these journeyings, become vivid realities—geographical, historical and Scriptural—as they never had been before.

GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER DAY IN JERUSALEM

Good Friday, Easter Even and Easter Day in Jerusalem—how the simple memorandum stirs the imagination! And breathes there a Christian man with "soul so dead" who does not find the experience one which must leave much to the imagination of the reader as he tries to tell of it. Tourists may come away with varied impressions of the modern Jerusalem, may express disappointment and even disillusionizing of their expectations, may not have been prepared to find the city and even Palestine itself so comparatively small in boundaries, may have been wearied and even pestered with bogus identifications and may have been in a state of protest against Mohammedan occupation and all the beggary and municipal backwardness generally, as so many visitors affirm. The saunterer was, he may say, not affected in that way, and he believes those who will take the pains to learn beforehand from the abounding literature on the subject, just what to expect, can avoid such an unwelcome "jolt." Though it be by name a "City of Peace," historically every one knows it has been anything but that, and Isaiah, in Dr. George Adam Smith's translation (XXII: 1) apostrophizes it, "O full of uproar, City tumultuous, Boisterous town," and Zephaniah (II:15) uses that same graphic term "boisterous" which exactly describes what one finds there today in its jostling street crowds. If then every one who contemplated the pilgrimage to the "Holy City" made up his mind beforehand that there was in store for him just that kind of a Jerusa-

Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem

His Beatitude, Lord Damianos, was most thoughtful and courteous and gave us access to the library of the Monastery and to the Precincts of the Holy Sepulchre. He gave several interesting souvenirs to the members of the party, including this photograph and cards conveying his blessing and containing pressed flowers from Jerusalem.

lem, "her throng, her tumult, and the boisterous in her" of which Isaiah speaks in another place (V:14) we should perhaps hear less of the sense of disappointment of the visitor than we do.

But the day of the crucifixion, of the entombment and of the resurrection became so instinct with the Jerusalem of the past that there was the turning away from the present environment toward the city that was, with something of that longing and heart-searching with which we envision the Jerusalem that is to be "that eager hearts expect." Then the being on the spot becomes baffling to describe. Then *de profundis*, Psalms and *Misereres* and the *Agnus Dei* in personal realizations, open up new vistas of that Jerusalem over which the Blessed Redeemer of Mankind found the intensities of His own expression when He "wept over it." And the teardrop of Jesus was a concentrate of the meaning of Jerusalem. And well may eyes moisten as they "mark well her bulwarks" and the sense of sin and infirmity sinks deeply within, and within and without there is a new revelation of the meaning of "He was bruised for our iniquities." Jerusalem can never seem small nor disappointing after that. It almost seems as if a pilgrim badge had been gained as of a priceless "Jerusalem Cross" jeweled with the teardrops of Christ, to be worn thereafter indelible, if invisible, upon the heart.

Good Friday began with the blessed privileges at St. George's Collegiate Church, for which our own Communion as well as that of the Church of England has reason to be most grateful to Bishop Blyth and his staff, who make it a welcome Church home to visitors. Then after some interval for quiet, we joined the great motley procession led by Franciscan Fathers to the successive modern "Stations of the Cross" marked in the *Via Dolorosa* tablets, with an

office said at each, and all with reverent and deeply impressive effect. While streams of Christians were wending their way towards the starting point for the Stations on the site of the Castle of Antonia, in jarring contrast bands of Mohammedans, with martial music and fluttering standards, were gathering for their great procession to the reputed Tomb of Moses. And passing our hotel was a band of their religionists—principally of young men who seemed to be enacting as they went some kind of saltatory ceremonial suggestive of a firing up of Mohammedan zeal and defiance, accompanied by a weird monotonous refrain.

The last Station office was said before the Holy Sepulchre and then we were fortunate in finding access to the Armenian Gallery of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre which overlooks the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre and immediate Rotunda. At the close of the Station's office, High Roman Ecclesiastics, Monks and Clergy gathered directly in front of the Holy Sepulchre and the office of *Tenebrae* was sung by a well-trained and sometimes even thrilling choir from a gallery across from the one in which we were. The service affecting and attuned to the profound theme and scene had one strange, almost startling feature. As a sort of rim to the congregation, a company of Turkish soldiers circled around the assembly, and stood there with their guns, in grim contrast with the ceremonial. Abhorrent as it was to all Christian sensibilities, yet was there not a touch of realism about it in having the repugnant Mohammedan soldier stolidly standing on guard to recall the Calvary cordon of the Roman soldiers who mocked on the first Good Friday!

There could be but one pilgrimage that would suggest itself for Easter Even and that was to the Holy Sepulchre itself. The courtesy of His Beatitude

Lord Damianos, Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, and his Secretary, Father Timotheus Pythagoras Themelis, was of much avail to us in this visit as in other special privileges which made our sojourn in Jerusalem so memorable to us. The Guardian of the Holy Sepulchre, himself a notable Greek Ecclesiastic, received us with especial attention. And Father Timotheus, having learned of a request which I received from a devout invalid relative that she might have something from Calvary itself, found a small piece of the very rock which had become loosened, and authoritatively presented it to me. This treasured souvenir was cut into two pieces and "Jerusalem Crosses" were cut in a surface polished on each, and each was inserted at the foot of an olive wood cross, one to reach the invalid just a few weeks before she was called to her rest and the other kept for the private Chapel of the Episcopal Residence at home. The rest of the day was spent in visiting the so-called Gordon's Garden Tomb (about which much controversy has been centered, though Bishop Blyth felt the force of the tradition of the other Calvary), the "Tomb of the Kings," our drive conveying us past the site of the Camp of Titus, and we stopped at a coign of vantage on the hill for a view of Jerusalem which, curiously enough, was near the villa of friends we met in England in 1897, who then had much interested us with their spoken and published accounts as cottage sojourners in the Holy Land, Mr. and Mrs. Grayhill of Birkenhead. The place of Christ's weeping over the City well fitted in with our Easter Even mood, and the reputed place of Ascension, Bethphage, and the conspicuous Russian Tower and Church rounded out our day's itinerary.

Though traveling *incognito*, Canon Yates, whom we met at Assouan, had told Bishop Blyth of the imposing Collegiate Church of St. George of our

coming and we had our experience of that most gracious thought and hospitality which have made Bishop Blyth's name a household word with so many of our Church visitors to Jerusalem. He asked me to take the Celebration at seven o'clock Easter morning in the Collegiate Church and with his fine consideration suggested that I use the American Office. Again at the ten o'clock service I preached, and during the day we were favored with the hospitality of the Bishop and his daughters in the Episcopal residence which forms one part of the Church establishment that is a marvel of attractiveness and enterprise on the part of the Bishop and his friends. Canon Yates had planned for us a visit to Solomon's Quarries after the afternoon service, with the Bishop of Nagpur and Mrs. Dibblee of our Diocese. But a somewhat violent rain storm prevented our going, though I otherwise secured from the Quarries a block of the stone to be built into our Grace Cathedral in San Francisco. Bishop Blyth has shown his regard for the American Church by having a stall in the Collegiate Church named after one of its Bishops, first after Bishop Potter of New York and on his death after Bishop Doane of Albany. Would that some of our wealthy American tourists would more adequately endow the stall and so show recognition of the invariable thought for visitors from our country that Bishop Blyth has shown.

There was a visit to the Greek Patriarch with the privilege of seeing in his library the original copy of the very early *Didache* or Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, found by Byrennius, and the casting the eye around the horizon to imagine somewhere among the peaks to the north, "Nob Hill"—the place of the priests (I. Sam. 22:11) and where the Ark of the Covenant was kept for awhile, of which the Grace Cathedral site in San Francisco is now suggestive,

though the old name of it, "Nob Hill," could hardly have this Scriptural origin assigned to it without a smile. But these and the "Jews wailing place" sights, the tramps about the walls, including stops at some questionable identifications, can only be noted in passing.

The experience of it all seemed to be well expressed by a fellow tourist from England with whom and his family we were very pleasantly associated on some of our journeyings. He spoke of the searching of his whole life and outlook that in the presence of such a review of the Passion of the Lord he had found as he communed before the Sepulchre "with his own heart and was still"—how it humbled him under the mighty hand of God, how it deepened his sense of the Cross, how it awoke him to new hope to "follow more truly the blessed steps of His most holy life." What was that but to make new and undying melody in the heart with Easter anthem notes all of its blessed own—the "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin: but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." The language of flora was invoked as we pressed a red flower plucked from the Garden bloom of Gethsemane between the Good Friday pages of a pocket Prayer Book.

JAFFA · THE SEA · SYRACUSE · BISERTA · MARSEILLES

"THEY THAT go down to the sea," after such a storm as visited us at Jerusalem Easter afternoon and night, are apt to find that they must wait at Jaffa before they can be "in ships." And so when, after an early start Easter Monday morning on the train, we reached Jaffa, we found that exposed and rocky water front in most realistic exhibit of the Psalmist's "stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof." And though a day's detention in a crowded little hotel—Hardegg again our host at the "Jerusalem Hotel," room "Maria"—is not in itself especially interesting, still as we looked out beyond the rocks pounded by the angry waters, at some seven steamers waiting until their passengers could be safely taken to them in the small boats, we could well reflect that on *terra firma* we were probably in a more composed frame of mind than those aboard, to wait and reflect upon the Psalmist's graphic touch of the motion of the ship as "they reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man and are at their wit's end." Unwarily strolling along the water front and supposing that the off side of the street was out of reach of the spray, several of our party came near being drenched by huge waves as they dashed their waters far over the bulkhead. But the fascination of the scene was like that which draws San Franciscans to the Cliff House after a great storm on the ocean. And the next day, though the waters had considerably subsided, in the small boats which took us and our luggage to our steamer the heights and hollows of the waves oftentimes hid from

Jaffa

The peaceful waterfront of the picture conveys but a feeble idea of memories of tourists who take or leave ships there in an enlivening storm. Jagged rocks just off shore seem like "the showing of teeth" of angry waters. And it is a "nice adjustment" with thrills of its own, to pass from small boat to ship's ladder or the reverse, just at the right lift of the wave.

sight of each other boat loads that were less than a hundred yards apart, and again of some of the timid ones perhaps there was a suggestion that "they are carried up to the heaven and down again to the deep; their soul melteth away because of the trouble." However, the agile and experienced boatmen, with their oar-rhythm singing, are quite assuring, and even at that critical moment when with the upward heave of a wave they seized the instant and only opportunity to effect the over heave of the passengers to the ship's side, they give a trusty feeling to their deft handling. One boat's load, indeed, containing a number of elderly people and one cripple, was threatened with grave peril of being swamped by being caught under the guard of the steps with the upward lift of a wave, but an alert boatman quickly saw the danger and brought all his strength to bear, just in the nick of time pushed the gunwale of the boat out from under the guard and was obliged himself to fall overboard to do it, though of course at home in the water and soon aboard again. The experience was all in contrast with our previous debarkation at Jaffa when the water was so calm that the boatmen rowed us between the jagged reefs just off shore, to which now they gave the widest berth possible. I have dwelt upon this experience because it shows that the repute of this landing place, while it is by no means without some justification for "thrills," need not deter anyone, for it has no doubt influenced tourists to leave this trip out of their itinerary. Some day when present conditions of government are superseded or enlightened, a breakwater may make it less strenuous; in the meantime the experience safely passed is of the sort that ministers to the traveler's pride of having something out of the usual happen.

Our "sight-seeing" at Jaffa was when we were tarrying there on our way to Jerusalem, but we have

reserved more specific reference to it until this account of our return from Jerusalem. Jaffa has much history and even a mythical period, Andromeda in the legend having been chained to rocks here that she might be devoured by a huge sea monster, but having escaped through the deliverance effected by Perseus. In the Bible it is especially associated with Jonah and St. Peter and Dorcas. And the ninth and tenth chapters of the Book of Acts are read with new zest as one visits Jaffa. This is not so much from any certainty as to the points to which the visitor is taken, associated by tradition with the Bible narrative, though the house shown as on the site of Simon the tanner's, with whom St. Peter "tarried many days," is certainly very much "by the sea side," near the *Fanar*, or lighthouse. The site of the house of *Tabitha*, or Dorcas, and her rock-tomb and other *memorabilis* of her are held in honor in the Russian settlement. But one realizes that he is in the town somewhere in which St. Peter had his vision of the world-wide mission of the Church to the Gentiles, as revealed to him in "a certain vessel descending as it were a great sheet, let down by four corners upon the earth," and which led to his reception of Cornelius the Gentile centurion, whose messengers from Cæsarea were waiting at the gate of Simon's house, even when the vision on the housetop was vouchsafed St. Peter. As this new angle of the world-federation in Christ dawned upon one like St. Peter, who had all the exclusive pride of the Jew, and so revolutionized the whole attitude of the man, it was singularly suggestive that it should take place in a center like Jaffa for two reasons. First Jaffa, though having stirring chapters of history of strife for possession between Jew and Gentile had continued violently Jewish, and was itself to symbolize the "one blood of all nations" in Christ Jesus, as both in resident population and

thronging tourists it has taken on so much of a cosmopolitan character. And next it so well illustrates by its very shore-site the great change that came over the mind of Judaism as a whole in its conception of the symbolism of the sea in the world distribution of religion. Dr. George Adam Smith has pointed out that the general tenor of the Old Testament is that the sea is a barrier, a horizon and not a highway. "Ye shall have the Great Sea for a border" (Numbers 34:6). The Hebrew name for the West is *the Sea*. At the very limit of the Sea then was St. Peter's vision as if typically breaking over that, too, for the fuller realization and glory of Israel. The very song of the Psalmist was to have a new world-interpretation. "Thy way is in the sea and Thy paths in the great waters and Thy footsteps are not known," as another "Hebrew of the Hebrews," St. Paul, a little later was to show in his missionary journeys extending over those same waters that the sea was no longer to be the bar but the bringer to the world of the religion of the true Prophet, Priest and King, Christ Jesus, as one who literally walked upon the waters. Jaffa by the seaside then was most suggestively the spot for St. Peter's widened vision for the world.

Once safely aboard the steamer, "Kosseir," originally a Khedive's private yacht, we were soon on our way to Port Said, which we reached in the early morning. There was something of a rush for the railroad station as we had little time to make connections with the morning train for Alexandria, and we passed Doctor, Custom House, and the usual questions of age and accounting for our pilgrimage in rather a fidget. And with an exhilarating uncertainty as to the exact hour of the sailing of the "Prince Heinrich" from Alexandria—having been informed of *two* distinct hours far apart—we were not sure whether we would be able to connect with

her until we received an assuring telegram *en route*. We were now in some measure "doubling on our tracks," having before passed through the general region of the railway journey and having seen something of Alexandria as told in the story of former "Saunterings."

The first stopping place of the "Prince Heinrich" was Syracuse, where St. Paul spent three days from the "ship of Alexandria" on which he was journeying toward Rome after his shipwreck. The ruins of the Greek and Roman theatres, the *Latomiae*, or Quarries, the "Whispering Gallery" grotto known as the "Ear of Dionysius," once used as a prison when it is said the talk of the prisoners could be easily overheard; the Cathedral on the site of an ancient Temple of Minerva, all made one wish he could remember more from his college classics, while obliged to have a mind somewhat alert for the passing hour in order to avoid having the thrifty Syracusans unload uncurrent coins upon him in making change.

Next we dropped anchor at a new French naval station in North Africa, Biserta. Our German vessel was not admitted to the inner harbor, and that and strict precautions against photographing seemed to be an evidence of the sensitiveness of the Great Nations to any "spying out" of their naval or military stations. We could see grim looking warships in the distance and there was enough to show how the "Powers" are all watching opportunities to establish themselves around the Mediterranean. Biserta in Tunis is only about a hundred miles from the site of that ancient Hippo of which the great Augustine was the Bishop, and one wished that he might, when so near, visit the spot. But our course next lay directly for Marseilles and as the coast of North Africa receded from our view we could only reflect upon the contrast between the stirring life in

all that region in the time of St. Augustine and the deadness so far as Christianity is concerned, not to say in other things, that is so characteristic of it now. Are they not right who find one cause of it in its lack of missionary spirit?

I have heard of an ecclesiastic on a ship entering a harbor when a heavy low fog compelled the captain to slowly and cautiously feel his way, who impatiently looked to the clear sky above and asked, "Why should we poke along in this way? See how clear the sky is. The ready skipper at once replied. "Just now we are not going that way." We had no fog and were glad to have leisurely opportunity to scan the surroundings, but the last part of finding our dockage at Marseilles was with very deliberate headway, and expedition of passing the Custom House on the wharf was in inverse ratio to the noise and general hubbub. In that picturesque harbor of which Dumas' pen has been so graphic, of course, one of the first objects of interest is the *Chateau d'If* of *Monte Christo*, that "gloomy fortress, which has for more than three hundred years furnished so many wild legends, and that seemed to Dantes like a scaffold to a malefactor." We had an excellent view of it, and leaving our good ship at Marseilles our memorable voyagings closed that part of our world-circuit in the Mediterranean with our earnest thanksgiving for their edification and their safety and a new sense of the meaning to the old Scriptural world that "the sea is His and He made it."

AVIGNON · PARADOXICAL PARIS

WHEN OUR saunterings in Europe began we reached the point where the traveler's paths are not only the most beaten but the most written about on this "terrestrial globe." "Quill-drivers" cover that part of the world almost as thickly as "globe-trotters." Every one writes letters home, now often epitomized in the handy picture-postal; every one gets that touch of travel lure which makes the whole literature akin, and not infrequently the guide book helps out the pen as much as it does the path. And every one who puts to paper his own impressions of European journeyings must eschew any thought of telling anything particularly new—save as it is new to him—and must appreciate the old inscription of a book, perhaps not accurately recalled, but which went something like this—

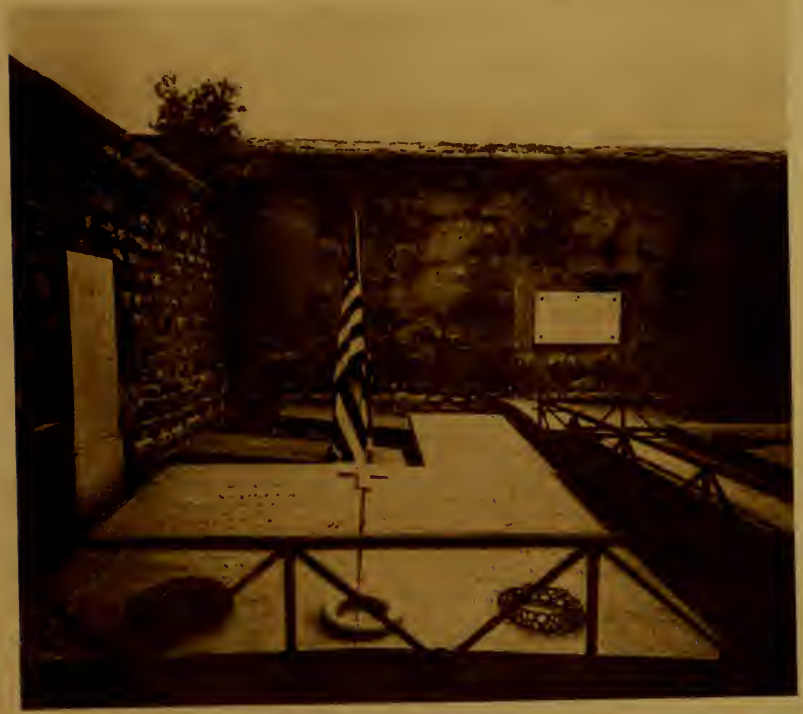
"You ask for something original,
But I scarce know where to begin;
In me there's nothing original
Except the original sin."

From Marseilles our hope had been to spend some hours at Avignon, substituted for almost seventy years (1309-1377) in the fourteenth century, for Rome as the home of the Papacy. A brief view of it, however, had to suffice, owing to the train arrangements. That it has especial interest for a parson-saunterer, however, is well shown by what the late Bishop Westcott of Durham wrote of it after a visit there: "Avignon is, I think, the most impressive city I have ever seen. There is scarcely any trace of the industries of today. All, except one straight street to a modern Place and the Place itself is of the Middle

Ages, or at least of the old world . . . The view is magnificent with walls of distant mountains on all sides, and in front, opposite to the Castle of the Popes, the Castle of the King . . . We started to see the Cathedral and the Papal Palace. The Papal Palace is a barrack for fifteen hundred soldiers. They sleep in what was once Chapel and Council Chamber." It is one of the humors of the fascinations for old horrors that Henry James associates with Avignon, when he tells us that what for a long time gave tourists the "shudders" as a supposed funnel-shaped torture chamber proved to be nothing more nor less than a mediæval bakehouse!

Arles, too, associated with the early British Church, in that three British Bishops are recorded as present at the Council held there in A. D. 314, showing both the Church existence and organization at that early period, would have been an interesting "browsing" place, but the Saunterer had to be content to confine Church antiquarian instincts to passing glimpses there and elsewhere *en route* until Paris, the City of Paradoxes, was reached. And to describe it as a City of Paradoxes is simply to indicate the impression it all left on one visitor. Some one has said that few people stop to analyze their impressions. Whether this is so or not, as one thinks upon what has been written upon Paris, it seems to be the case that there at any rate is an exception, and that most of the travelers of the world have unhesitatingly and lingeringly analyzed their impressions. "Gay Paris" is quite a common estimate, but no one adjective would cover the ground for an expression of what it seemed to the Saunterer. Of course, he went the staid round of sightseeing to which in the wide familiarity with it and fame of it only this briefest reference need be made. And there was naturally no lack of the sprightly aspect

of people and things. But such sights as the Prison of La Roquette, with its suggestions of the pictures he remembers to have seen about the time of the Commune, of the martyred Archbishop Darboy with other victims, in line against the wall and the muskets of a file of soldiers leveled against them awaiting the signal to fire, tell their story of a gory Paris. So, suspended from the roof in the interior of Notre Dame, does the hat of the same prelate, all marking events in the memory of the Saunterer. So, dating from the earliest periods, did that field of the guillotine at the Picpus Cemetery with the monumentless mounds at the graves of the thirteen hundred executed at the Barrière du Trone. And many a place of tragedy and pathos in and around the city is in like evidence of blood-shedding. One can understand that "desire to be excused," reported of Queen Victoria on one of her visits to France, from occupying state apartments which had been assigned her at the *Grand Trianon* at Versailles. Grim Paris it seems also as you bend over the balustrade to look down at the tomb of Napoleon, if war is "grim." The whole spell of the Napoleonic cult you feel and, indeed, if the tradition be true, the designer of the tomb ingeniously provided that every visitor to the tomb, by the very attitude of looking over the low circling wall of the gallery above it, should make a quasi-obeisance to it. Musical Paris it seems as you visit the grave of Chopin; theological Paris as by the graves of Abelard and Heloise you recall the controversies, the typical Gallicanism, the literature and romance that have stirred and fluctuated in the ecclesiastical Paris of the Christian centuries. For a single generation has seen a France—that means Paris—esteem the right hand of the Papacy as in the time of Napoleon the Third and Eugenie, and as now practically under Papal ban. Well do some of our



Grave of Lafayette

A place for the beaten path of American pilgrimages. Some of the earth from the grave was mingled with that from every principal revolutionary battlefield for the rooting of a young Sequoia in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, by the Patriotic Societies some years since.

New Testament commentators see in the Galatians of old the Asia Minor type, if not the direct kin, of the Gaul—the course of that empire being eastward instead of westward by a curious ethnical trend—and in both the ancestry of a trait of modern France identified by St. Paul when he says to the Galatians, "Who hath bewitched you?"

Moreover, it was certainly a hospitable Paris as we found old friends there and experienced their courtesy. And by no means a "beaten path" we found—our driver went astray and had to do considerable inquiring to "place" it—was the pilgrimage to the grave of Lafayette. Of all places in Paris for Americans to put in their itinerary, one would think that the place in the Picpus Cemetery of the burial of the great friend of America would have first recognition. By it is the grave of Lafayette's son, George Washington Lafayette. Small American flags bore the evidence of former visitors, but they were so dingy that either the pilgrimages are few or the American spirit not "everywhere" just then. It was from this grave that our French Consul some years ago secured the earth which was mingled with earth from the battlefields of the American Revolution on the occasion of the interesting ceremony, in which the Saunterer was privileged to take part, when the Daughters of the American Revolution planted a young *sequoia* in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, and rooted it in the mingled soil brought from the Revolutionary battlefields and the grave of Lafayette. And would it not be a happy provision for our Societies of the Revolution to see that there is always a worthy flag at the grave, and for our American colony in Paris to have some annual commemoration there, if that has not been a custom heretofore.

And so the Paris that seemed to the Saunterer gay and gory and grim, and musical and theological

and hospitable and stimulating to patriotism, left him with all these impressions coming together without clashing, and he finds "Paradoxical Paris" not inaptly describing its effect upon him.

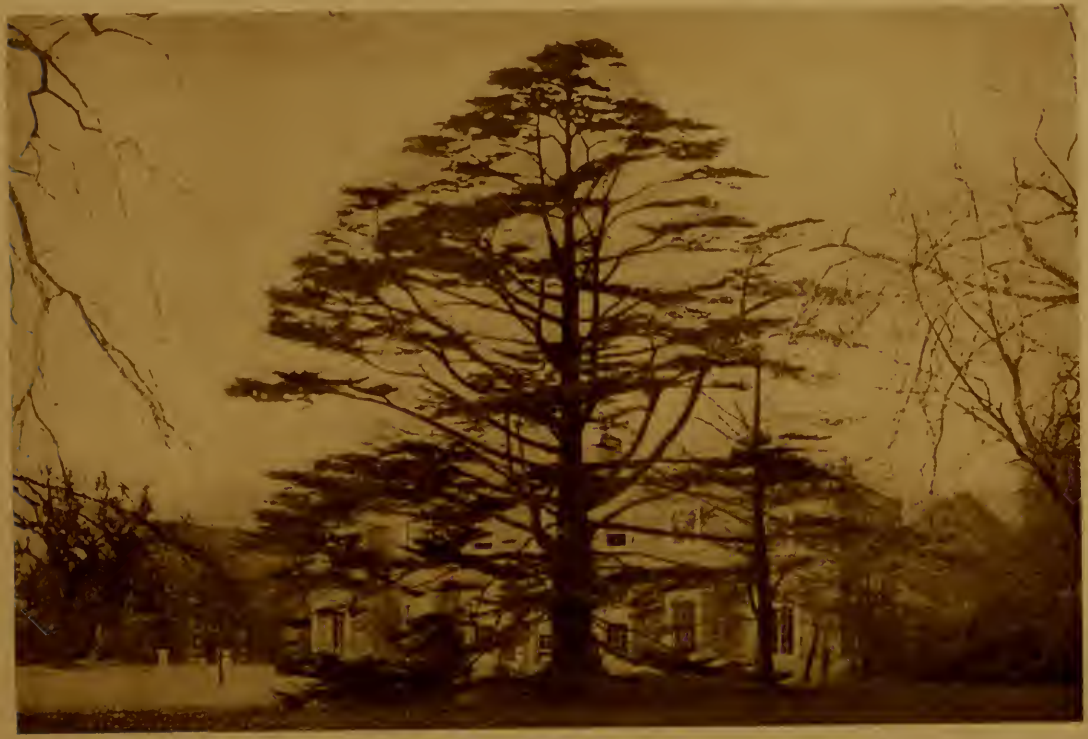
Of the Paris of fashion the Saunterer will not be expected to speak. But he will avow the high claim to consideration of the code of the well-dressed. Refinement in this respect may be illustrated by fashion plates as the learned book is by "cuts." And dynasties may come and dynasties may go, and republics may have their crises and throes, but Paris will probably rule in the realm of raiment, to say nothing of what we eat and drink, as long as its beautiful art in architecture looms against the sky, or colors the sunlight with exquisite hues like those in the stained glass of *Sainte Chapelle*. And, by the way, it was Christopher Wren, the architect, who put on record that animated scene he witnessed at the court in Paris of the seventeenth century, when the high structured head-dress of one of the great dames came in contact with a candle on the table in the supper room as she in stately manner incautiously bent over it. A high ecclesiastic noted that some of the flaming ornament at the apex had ignited and he instinctively caught the whole coiffure in his hands to find it detach itself entirely from the good lady's head, leaving a perfectly bald pate to accord with the rich evening dress. She, in her discomfiture, distributed a custard she was eating over the rich cassock of the well-meaning prelate-fireman, and, lo! the rueful *denouement!*

But the light-hearted tourist, who touches the surface sketchily, as the Saunterer has done, must never allow himself to forget the profounder things of Paris with so much to justify its claim as "the most beautiful city in the world," and the signal history making there. That, however, belongs to

more serious chapters. Only every Churchman and every Christian can feel something of the pride of Paris that her Clovis had the Christian Clotilda to shape his and his country's destiny just as the fair city's later King Charibert gave his daughter Bertha to go over to Kent and carry the Christian religion with her as a condition of her marriage to Ethelbert, and so prepare the way for the mission of St. Augustine to Southern England.

LONDON HOSPITALITY

LAMBETH and Fulham "meant London" to Samuel Seabury, when he went there in 1783. His quest made them "loom larger" than any other historic spots in that metropolis of the ages. With the then Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London seemed to rest the whole object of his visit. For the time whether independent America should have bishops appeared to be involved in his mission, he being the first here elected for consecration. The familiar story of his ultimately securing consecration from Scotland as the Bishop of Connecticut and first American Bishop need not be repeated here, the pertinency of it being merely in the fact that he spent a good deal of time at both Lambeth and Fulham "cooling his heels" and not getting anywhere, though he was received not without courtesy and genuine interest by the then occupants of the respective Sees. It was simply a case where conditions for which they did not feel responsible, necessary oaths of allegiance required by the law to the Sovereign from whom the United States had just established freedom, and the like, blocked progress. The modern Episcopal Saunterer is apt to have Lambeth and Fulham figure largely in his London memories, but for reasons quite in contrast with those of our Seabury's somewhat deterrent experiences. The welcome of successive decennial Lambeth Conferences to the bishops who gather from all over the world has now given a traditional association of hospitality for American bishops to those ancient Sees. And the Saunterer found, as so many episcopal visitors find when visiting London, the warmth of that hospitality extended to the individual and



Fulham Palace

An hospitable seat of the Bishop of London. In its muniment room are some three thousand documents bearing upon the early history of our Church in America, the Bishop of London having jurisdiction over the Colonial Church until it had Bishops of its own. In the Fulham library too was found about 1855, after a disappearance of over a century, Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation* or *The Log of the Mayflower*, returned to Massachusetts in 1897.

his family in further personal experience of the conference hospitality. And if the pen of the guest were not under sensitive limitations of publicity it would give a fond opportunity here to speak in detail of the genuine simplicity of life and wholesome example of true family circle religion and happiness that we felt in the atmosphere of those homes where we were privileged to know it. The pre-eminence of the dignities of the Sees, the wide influence and personal charm of character of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Randall Davidson, and of Mrs. Davidson, daughter of the former Archbishop Tait of Canterbury, and the synonym for "sweetness and light" personified in the present Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington-Ingram, suggest a revision of a taking phrase current a few years since from the title of a book. The impression, at any rate, from the inner life around those two historic episcopal hearthstones was of a "Vital" rather than a "Fatal Opulence of the Episcopate." And it was no surprise to find royalty itself betimes betaking to those same firesides of the simple life. As a contribution to the *facetiæ* from California it seemed germane to tell of one of our good fellow-citizens who, some years since, after having in a remote rural part of the state had his first experience of our services in a schoolhouse, told the missionary, "I rather like what I have seen of the Episcopal Church but I have one thing agin ye." "And what is that?" said the Missionary. "Well," said the candid critic, "I never could understand that rule of the Episcopal Church that none of your ministers can preach any sermons unless they are written by the Archbishop of Canterbury!" The contemplation of such a homiletic responsibility "*urbi et orbi*" had in it possibilities for which even the world-wide pressure upon his high office could hardly prepare him, as it touched the

Archbishop's sense of humor. This curious notion which the Saunterer once found existing also in a rural part of New England seems to have percolated down as a sort of folk lore from Archbishop Cranmer's association with homilies to which, in troubled times, the English pulpit was a good deal restricted. In added evidence of the thoughtfulness of our host the youngest member of the Saunterer's party treasures a volume about Lambeth most thoughtfully presented her with the Archbishop's autograph.

Fulham Palace is such a large and rambling house that Mrs. Creighton tells us in her *Life of Bishop Creighton*, the immediate predecessor of the present Bishop, that he "never learnt to find his way over it." As we drove up to its entrance to accept the cordial invitation of the Bishop of London to visit him, instinctively the Saunterer looked around for some of those "rooks" to caw out against any Henrician origin of the Church of England, which the Bishop apostrophized so originally in his address at our Richmond General Convention in 1907. There certainly could be no spot where the *Corvus frugilegus* could better justify its name historically than around that moat. But the choice privilege was accorded the Saunterer during the visit at Fulham, so full of kindly hospitality to him and his, of being "turned loose" in the "muniment room" among the some three thousand documents bearing on the subject of the connection of the Church in America with the See of London, referred to by Bishop Winnington-Ingram in his sermon at the opening of our General Convention in 1907. It made singularly vivid our Colonial Church history, to see the original reports from early Virginia and Maryland clergy and to read letters from pioneers of the Church in Connecticut whose names were especially familiar to the Saunterer in his studies during his own Connecticut ministry,

such as Samuel Johnson of Stratford, Caner and Leaming, and the credentials of Seabury, Beach and other young candidates going out to England to be ordained. There were, too, some documents illustrative of the difficulties of "long range" disciplinary efforts. The library of Fulham also had its own lure. It was in that library that was found, about 1855, Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*, sometimes known as *The Log of the Mayflower*, by a curious clue through a footnote in Anderson's *Colonial Church History*, after a disappearance of over a century, and later returned to Massachusetts by the Bishop of London, Dr. Creighton, in 1897, through our American Minister, Mr. Bayard. Much was made of this at the time, the precious volume being formally delivered to the Governor of Massachusetts in the presence of the two Houses of the Legislature of the State, and of a large number of officials and notable citizens. Mrs. Creighton tells the interesting story in the Life of the Bishop above cited.

But the memorable social hours at Fulham in which the Bishop of London might have been thought not to have a care—and, how well they do that around English firesides!—did not misinterpret to us his crowded life. We were privileged to attend the consecration of a new church, St. Jude-on-the-hill, London, one of some two hundred and forty which the church extension policy of the Bishops of London have registered in forty years in trying to keep pace with the spreading population. After the consecration service followed an interesting service of unveiling a memorial tablet to the late King Edward VII. by his sister, the Duchess of Argyle. And the next day, Monday, May 8th, the Bishop took us to his "box" for the annual service at St. Paul's Cathedral in the interest of the Sons of the Clergy, with its great congregation and imposing function,

and Sullivan's *In Memoriam* and the Hallelujah Chorus. As sampling a "day's job" on the same date he was off in the early forenoon for some visitation, conferring with a bevy of candidates for orders about luncheon time and winding up with presiding at a great temperance meeting in the evening. The Fulham rooks would be busy indeed cawing if they attempted to remonstrate against the present Bishop of London's "starting things," as he says they would at the idea of the Eighth Henry originating the Church!

But our story of London hospitality would be very incomplete if it did not tell of what might be called Californian hospitality in London. Awaiting us on our arrival were notes providing for our enjoyment from the American Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. And around the hospitable board of Dorchester House and in their private box at the opera, we experienced that warm-hearted welcome which is their distinction to all that know them well worthy of the high position of the Representatives at the Court of St. James. The loss of Mr. Reid has been published to the world in international language, but his death in these recent months has touched multitudes of hearts with a sadness and a sympathy for her who knew him best that does not appear in print.

Homes of those whose sojourn in California had taught us to value their friendship welcomed us with a hospitality which often took us away from our hotel. Sir Robert and Lady Balfour and Mr. and Mrs. Williamson made many a day and evening hour happy with the renewal of "old California times" and the London making of the new. And to find our Mrs. William H. Crocker in London and for us to spend an evening with her at her home and the opera was another case of Californian hospitality transplanted, as it was to find our Rev. Frank Stone

with all his thought for our hotel reservations and intelligent getting about.

And with all this warm-hearted hospitality from London friends, how much the Saunterer valued the hospitality from London altars—like that which can be found any day and at different hours of any morning at St. Paul's Cathedral. A place to be stilled in all the stir of travel, a place to try to come to one's self in the outing from work, a place to carry world impressions to the Saviour of the world, a place to be thankful for manifold blessings in the Eucharist. Verily, to find the comfort of it all for one's self is more firmly to fix the purpose to do what in him lieth to offer like provision for visitors so far as practicable in another cathedral life nearer home.

IN AND ABOUT LONDON

LONDON was getting its coronation garb when we were there. Paper "dodgers" were fluttering around the streets in which some association was valiantly decrying against the banking up against St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and other churches on the line of march, great flounce-like lumber stands for spectators; notices confronted you in your hotel rooms that the days were numbered when you could occupy them at the usual rates. Street travel was getting more and more congested. Robe-makers were running their needles through much gold lace. Westminster Abbey was closed to the public in order to effect the proper scale of preparation there. Though all the world loves a coronation, and we should have much enjoyed seeing the pageantry of the vast procession, the considerable part of our world-circuit still before us did not permit us to stay for it. However, we witnessed the unveiling of the commanding memorial of Queen Victoria before Buckingham Palace. This was an imposing function, in which both King George V. and Emperor William of Germany took part, with many other representatives of royalty present.

Another opportunity afforded the Saunterer in Church circles was that of looking in upon the meeting of the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury held in the Church House. Though no matter of especial moment was under consideration at the time, the methods had an interest of their own, and it was evident that no Henry VIII. or George I. was holding any writs *in terrorem* over the speakers. Indeed, as a "talk fest," it showed how one of the real problems of the Church of England is to find a

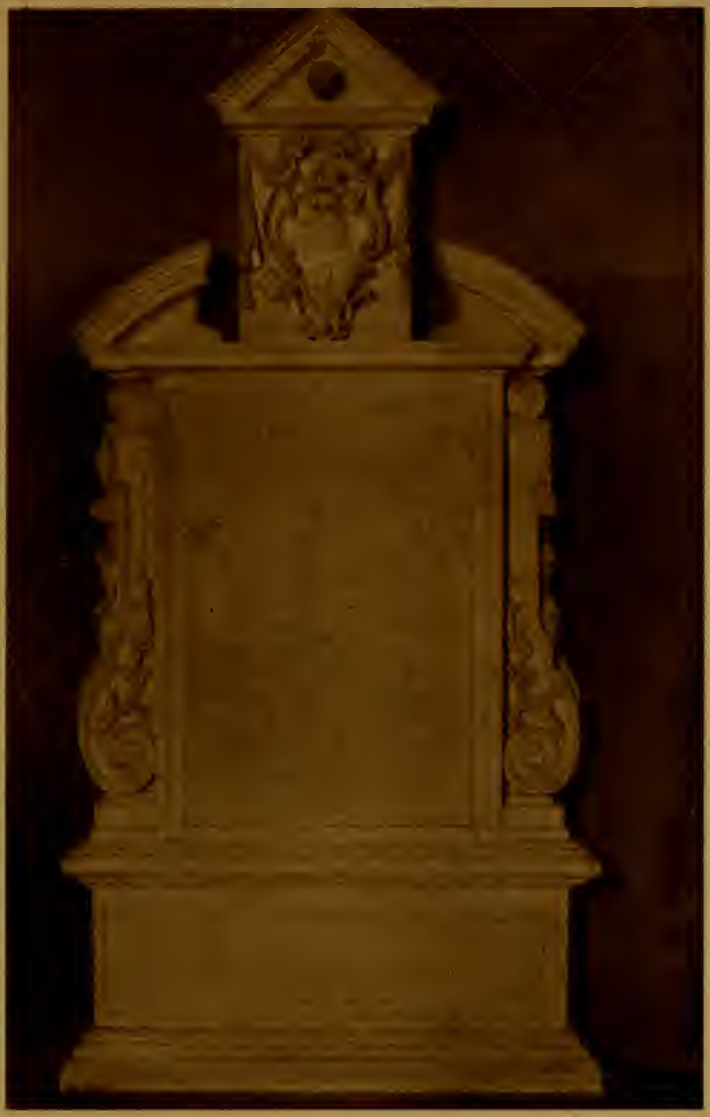
true and more immediate legislative authority to add to the voice of Convocation. It was about the middle of the last century that it "awakened out of sleep after its long hibernation," as Bishop Wilberforce, who was mainly instrumental in the revival, expressed it, the assembly having been then practically in abeyance for nearly a hundred and fifty years.

A dinner party given us by Sir Robert and Lady Balfour in the dining hall of the Houses of Parliament afforded us a most enjoyable evening, and one somewhat out of the ordinary, in that we met several of the leaders of the House of Commons, of which Sir Robert is a member, including Mr. Nicholson, prominent in the Ecclesiastical Commission. After dinner we were shown many points of interest about the buildings, such as St. Stephen's Chapel, memorable parts of Westminster Hall, the "Whips" Rooms, and visited the House of Lords to hear a bit of the debating there. If one supposes that the matter under discussion, which was none other than the much-mooted revolutionary reform of the House of Lords itself, was likely to "pack the House" and "tear a passion to tatters," he does not know that sedate and unruffled chamber of high degree. So calm was most of its membership at that particular time, at any rate, that it was absent, and the few noble lords that were rippling along in their currents of speech suggested the old classical "many twinkling smile" of quiet waters far more than any storm tossing. They were certainly not at all of the class of that chronic objector of Sidney Smith's day, of whom he said, when he first heard of the success of communication by telegraph: "Why, that will enable Mr. —— to protest as far as the line goes!"

It is often said that Londoners know how to work because they know how to play, and an afternoon at the Ranelagh Club, occupying the fine old place of

many acres used, we were told, as an athletic center since the founding of the Kit-Cat Club in 1703, gave us an entertaining object lesson of that. Balls of almost all kinds of games were measuring mind with matter—polo, tennis, foot and the like—in one kind of smart sets, while another kind of "smart set" was much in picturesque evidence all over the beautiful lawns under an ideal sky. And our motoring the same afternoon took us to the spacious Kew Gardens, with another exhibit of London in healthful outing.

"The way they do things" in Church Committee was well illustrated by several happy experiences of the courtesy and work of the great London Missions to Seamen Society, of which we in San Francisco have so much reason to be appreciative. On Monday, May 1st, was held in the large hall of the Church House the Fifty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Society, with the American Ambassador, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, in the chair, a distinguished body of men supporting him on the platform, and a full and representative attendance in the hall, among whom were several of our fondly remembered San Francisco ex-chaplains. Then the Saunterer was privileged to attend one of the meetings of the General Committee at the office on Buckingham street, and to note the activities there as the routine is carried on for some one hundred seaports and among fishermen, bargemen and lightship men under the efficient work of Mr. Stuart C. Knox, secretary, and the Rev. G. F. Wilson, and the staff. Still another phase of this thought for Christ's "sovereignty of the seas" was a very successful concert given at Grosvenor House, a palace of the Duke of Westminster, attended by representatives of royalty and of the nobility, and rendered by "stars" from companies at various leading London places of



Mural Tablet in Ampthill Church, Bedfordshire, England.
Erected to Col. Richard Nicolls who named New York

The cannon-ball that killed Sir Richard Nicolls is plainly seen in the picture. He it was who won what is our New York from the Dutch in 1664 and gave it its name after his friend and patron, the Duke of York, afterwards James II.

amusement, among them Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Harry Lauder. The real extent and vitality of the interest in the sailor as shown by the constancy of the committee with its eminent membership of busy men, the public meetings, as the services freely given by the entertainers, not only find support for the particular agency, but are typical of London's way of taking up what it deems "worth while" in good work.

"Of all the many picturesque and pleasant places in Bedfordshire, none can excel the ancient and historical town of Ampthill," says a pamphlet given the Saunterer by the hospitable and most helpful Vicar of St. Andrew's Church, Ampthill, the Rev. W. Dunstan May, who, with Mrs. May, made a day's pilgrimage there of added interest. And, historically, Henry VIII. made Ampthill Manor, with its "goodlye and parklye parks" an "Honour," and, as one of his seats, sad Queen Katharine of Arragon resided there two years. Our particular quest was to see a marble monument on the north wall of the Sanctuary of the ancient Parish Church, described in the pamphlet as "most interesting," surmounted by a coat-of-arms, with cannon ball fixed in the pediment, a curious ornament whereby hangs a tale, which is explained in the superscription, "*instrumentum Mortis et Immortalitatis*" (the Instrument of Mortality and Immortality). The inscription tells in Latin that this mural table is sacred to the memory of Richard Nicolls, now joined with his best of parents in the tomb as he was most closely joined with them in filial duty, the son of Francis and Margaret Bruce, groom of the bed-chamber to His Highness, James, Duke of York. In the year 1643, having left the seats of the Muses, he led a troop of horse against the rebels, a bold and intrepid youth. In the year 1664, having become ripe in age and

military science, on being sent to North America in command, he restored Long Island and the remainder of the islands to their rightful lord, after driving out the Dutch, and honored the Province and the fortifications with the name of his patron, and for three years was their governor. He was distinguished in college, in war, in court, in civil office, in literature, in virtue, in endowment of mind, and in prudence, everywhere endeared by his character and uprightness of deed. On the twenty-eighth of May, 1672, while gallantly fighting against the same Dutch on the flagship, he fell pierced through, being hit by a large cannon ball. This identical cannon ball which caused his death is the one embedded in the mural tablet. On consulting the well-preserved parish records, we found the original entry of his burial on June 11th, 1672, and by an interesting coincidence, when visiting Hampton Court the day after the trip to Ampthill, we saw on the walls of the room known as the "Prince of Wales' Room," some tapestries made in Mortlake, England, and the only tapestries at Hampton Court made in England, in which was pictured the very naval battle with the Dutch in 1672, in which Sir Richard Nicolls was killed. The especial interest to Americans is that it was this Sir Richard Nicolls—the name has undergone various forms of spelling—who won New York from the Dutch in 1664, and gave it its present name after his friend and patron, the Duke of York, afterwards James II. And the Saunterer had a personal desire to see the church and the monument from the placing in the published genealogy of his family, of Francis Nichols, who came to Stratford, Connecticut, in 1639, as the first of the Connecticut branch, as the brother of this Sir Richard.

Among other expeditions were those to Canterbury, where the crypt monument of Archbishop

Temple suggested changes since the last visit, when in 1897 he was the sturdy leader in the great function of the Lambeth Conference held in the cathedral, and the baring from plaster of the inner stone of the walls of little St. Martin's had revealed its structural ages; to Hampton Court, where, through Mrs. Creighton's kind courtesy, we were accorded some special privileges; to Woolwich Arsenal, where our former San Francisco Seamen's Institute chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Wingfield-Digby and his good wife welcomed us to his home, and the pulpit of the Royal Military Academy Chapel (St. Michael). And from London itself we brought away many memories of old and new friends, and were not slow in going about to homes and historic spots and offices, including that of the late Mr. George Bodley, now of his successor, Mr. Cecil G. Hare, from which the general conception of our Grace Cathedral came as Mr. Bodley's very last work. And in and about London altogether we could appreciate the lines:

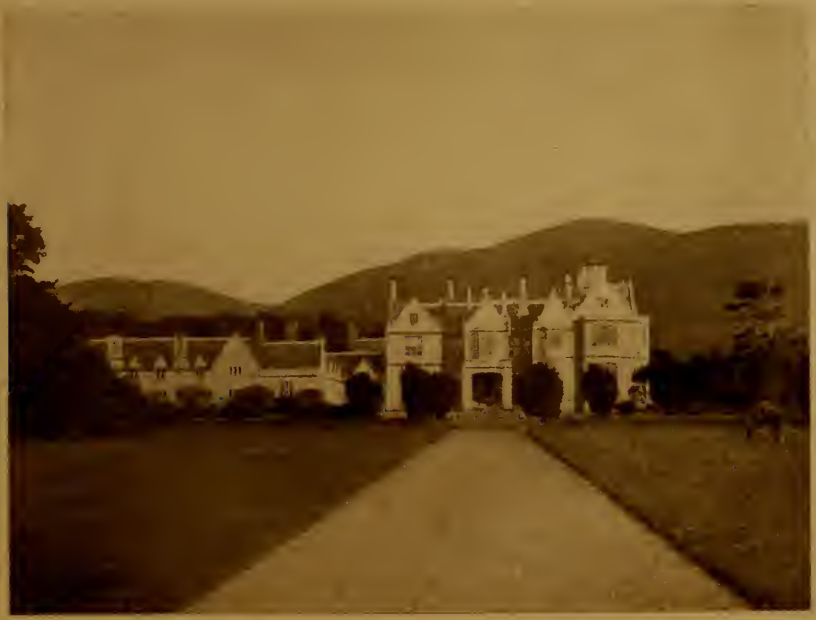
> "Tower'd cities please us then,
> And the busy hum of men."

JAUNTINGS IN BRITAIN

EVERY Californian who visits Oxford ought to make it one of the points of especial interest, among the multitude of others of which the guide books tell, to sit in a certain carved oaken chair in the Bodleian library. This was made out of some of the sound timber of the ship of Francis Drake, the "Golden Hinde," in 1662, when the highly valued historic vessel had become much decayed. That ship with its company spent several weeks in Drake's Bay, some thirty miles north of San Francisco, in 1579, when it made that notable record of being the first English ship to "plow a furrow around the world." The silver plate affixed to it has the inscription from Abraham Cowley's pen:

"This ship which round the world has run
And matched in race the chariot of the sun,
This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim
Without presumption so deserved a name)
By knowledge once and transformation now
On her new stage this sacred part allow.
Drake and his ship could not have wished from fate
An happier station or more blest estate,
For lo! a seat of endless rest is given
To her in Oxford and to him in heaven."

The American Churchman, however, does not need to follow this somewhat circuitous course of Crowley's muse to find propriety as a resting place for the chair among library alcoves. It is enough for the California Churchman to know its association with its chaplain, Francis Fletcher, and his first use of the Book of Common Prayer in the present territory of the United States to give it due bookish flavor for such an academic environment. And if the only memorandum made here of the visit to Oxford is the chronicling of the fact that the Saunterer and his



Muckross House

Near the ruin of the Abbey with wonderful outlook upon mountain and lake and mead, associated with many delightful memories of the visit there by the Saunterer and his party. The well-known old Franciscan Foundation, Muckross Abbey, has been happily acquired by a citizen of San Francisco.

party dutifully sat in that particular chair, it is not to leave the impression that they sat in no other chairs nor that they visited no other spots in that classic city. No, but the books about Oxford so abundantly load down any one who has the desire to know about it that they suggest to any traveler the *mot* of the late Bishop Stubbs of Oxford, who astonished the porter at the Oxford station helping him to his train who asked, "How many articles, my lord?" by replying, "Why, *thirty-nine*, of course!" And very much the same reticence will be regarded by the Saunterer with reference to visits, most interesting and enjoyable in themselves, to Leamington, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, Kenilworth ruin and other places which every tourist "does." The drives were favored with skies and swards and other attractive English scenery that used to so often furnish the introductory "setting" for old-fashioned English novels.

At Liverpool, however, our good hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Forman, with whom there are many happy California associations, made us well forget for the time that we were "globe-trotting" in the warm hospitality of "High Pastures, Mossley Hill." The experience and the name drove even a pedestrian pen into rhyme:

HIGH PASTURES.

"High Pastures"—rural name of long ago
For open fields where flocks and herds could browse
Or swishing scythe could topple for hay mows
Lush fragrant grass in each new mown winrow.
For pastures high may hungry cattle low,
Who knows but outlook e'en the mild-eyed cows
With mystic nature-love, like ours, endows
For landscape far sunlit with golden glow?
"High Pastures" now of vine clad home we know
Fit name for welcome walls and roof that house,
The hearthstone joy from sacred altar vows
And friendship feed and ever stronger grow
As each glad guest "in clover" finds it so.

The new modern cathedral enterprise at Liverpool naturally had an interest of its own for one having some responsibilities in that line himself and the Lord Bishop of Liverpool, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Chavasse, was most kind in furnishing information about it. The late Mr. George F. Bodley, R. A., who as his last work outlined the plan for our Grace Cathedral, San Francisco, occupied an advisory position in relation to the Liverpool Cathedral, and both the scale and treatment of it are well worthy of the present day Church of England and of the genius of the youthful architect—he was only twenty-one years of age when his design was chosen by competition—Mr. Giles Gilbert Scott, grandson of the great Gothic architect, Sir Gilbert Scott, R. A. The completed Lady Chapel, itself one hundred by thirty-five and six-tenths feet, has well been described as having for its special notes, strength, grace, simplicity and dignity. It is strikingly beautiful and sets a high standard for the rest of the cathedral, which is also under construction. It had been the privilege of the Saunterer to meet the chairman of the executive committee, Sir William B. Forwood, when at Luxor, up the Nile, and to learn from him many interesting data as to the cathedral and the wide interest and generosity which made it possible.

Mr. Forman's trusteeship in the Liverpool Blue Coat School, an old foundation going back to the beginning of the eighteenth century, enabled us to attend a somewhat unique service conducted entirely by the boys of the institution. The scholars not only read the office but recited the Scripture lessons, and one of them made an excellent catechiser of his fellows, putting them through with all dignity and directness. There were some two hundred and fifty boys and one hundred girls in attendance, and the uniform was a quaint one.

"Fox How," Lake Country, England—home of the Arnolds

Miss Arnold, youngest sister of Matthew Arnold, graciously received us and pointed out to us favorite seats and outlooks of the members of that distinguished family.

Our good hosts, however, had in store for us one of the most enjoyable experiences of our trip and that was a motor ride with them to and through the English Lake country. If there is such a thing as the "poetry of motion" there is certainly no misnomer in speaking of a "lake poetry" of motoring. Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey and the others could, of course, have no "chug-chug" metres, and possibly would have satirized and sonnetized the introduction as fairly barbaric in true Ruskinese vigor. Matthew Arnold might have been prompted to new protests against philistinism. But all the same as these "cars" literally ride upon "air," even though it be compressed into rubber tires, and mend people's ways in good road movements and carry you into many a highland beauty scene of landscape where the iron horse does not go, and the fleshly horse must strain and foam to go, they must be granted at least some of the credentials of *afflatus*.

The first arm of our journey took us through Preston and Kendal to the "Low Wood Hotel" near Windermere by the lakeside. Other days took us past Grasmere, Thirlmere, Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite.

> "Cultured slopes
> Wild tracts of forest-ground, and scattered groves
> And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods
> Surrounded us."

There were cherished visits, too, to add human interest to all the spell of nature. In St. James' Church, Arnside, was the baptism of the little son of the Rev. and Mrs. James Fell, with the after meeting of friends at the vicarage. Mr. Fell, as the founder of our Seamen's Institute in San Francisco, won the admiration and high regard of many Californians who knew of his work. And at "Fox How," so much associated with Dr. Arnold, it was our privilege to

meet Miss Arnold, the youngest sister of Matthew Arnold, who graciously received us and pointed out to us favorite seats and outlooks of the members of that distinguished family, affording new vividness to many a reference in their biographies. It was with real reluctance that we exchanged the coursings of the scenic automobile for the railway compartment when the time came for us to leave our good friends and speed on to Edinburgh. Of course the sight-seeing there was as usual and need not be detailed here save that the weather was ideal and the country "braw," flouting the old verses on Scotch weather:

"Dirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
From January until May,
The rain it raineth every day.
All the rest have thirty-one
Without one single ray of sun,
And, if any of them had two and thirty,
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty."

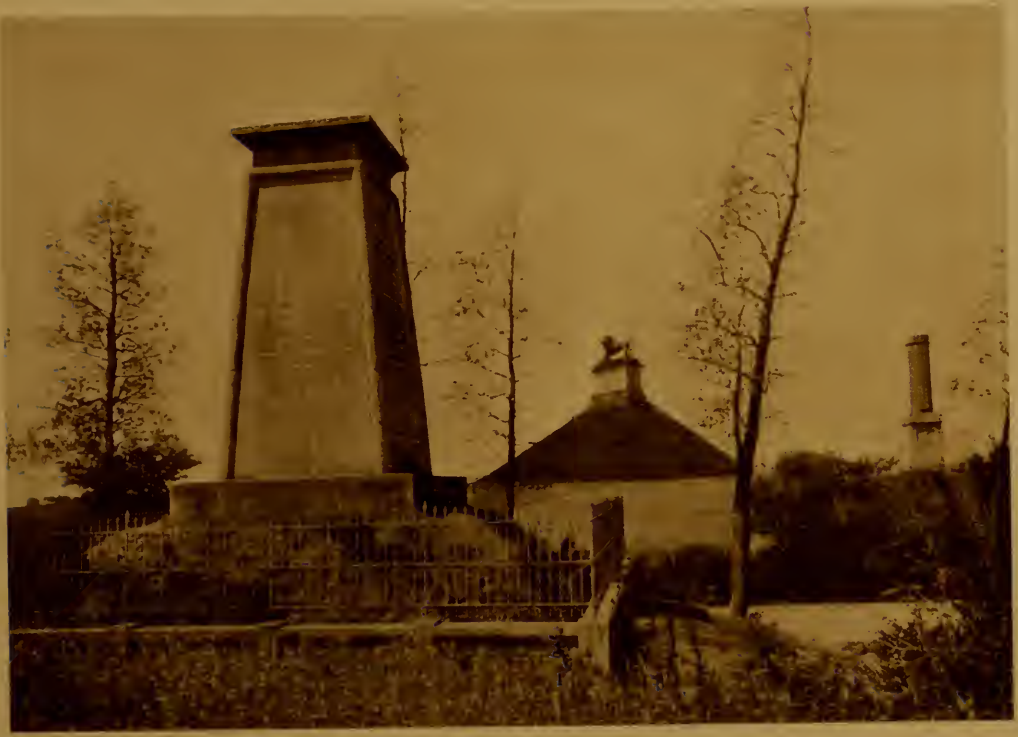
It so happened that just at that time all three General gatherings of the Established Kirk, the Free Kirk and the United Free Kirk were holding their sessions in their respective assembly places within a stone's throw of each other, and the Saunterer had the rare opportunity to drop in at all three of them to hear their debates and note their methods. But the topics under discussion at the time were not disputatious, and John Knox would probably have contributed something to their "ginger." A motoring trip to Roslyn Chapel—in which our hosts, the Formans, had been married—and a call upon Prof. Campbell Frazer, Mrs. Forman's father, who in his ninety-second year was vigorous and as recent as Eucken in the philosophical studies which made his professorial chair notable so many years—these were pleasures of Edinburgh and vicinity not down in the guide books.

There still awaited us a most happy, though brief, experience of Ireland to follow that of England and Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn, our valued friends and neighbors in San Francisco, were at "Muckross House" with their daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent. The Elizabethan mansion and the estate had lately come into their possession, and their thought for us enabled us to share the glories of the Killarney lake country. Here again was the "lake poetry" of motoring, as we from day to day traversed the roads winding through that fascinating region around Killarney lake toward Black Valley beyond the upper lake; another day to "Kate Kearney's Cottage" to go on horse or afoot through "Dunloe Gap," with its ragged rock sides and echoes, around to the upper lake with luncheon in the woods and a row home over the enchanted waters, down the rapids and under the old bridge, with a stop at Dinish island. Then a longer reach to Glengariff and Bantry Bay with kaleidoscopic turns of scenery through Castletown and Kenmare to fill another day with memories of the "Green Isle" charms. A climb to "Torc Cascade," a row to Innisfallen and to Ross Castle, walks along flower-bounded paths and especially the leisurely study of the ancient Muckross Abbey ruins with the personal guidance of the courteous custodian and historian, Mr. Maurice R. Moriarty, these were some of our outdoor occupations; while all indoor warmth of welcome and hospitality grouped old friends around the hearth glow, across the ocean as "across the street," and seemed to emphasize the happy propriety of a citizen of the city of St. Francis so appropriately holding the title to the world-famed Abbey of Franciscan foundation.

WATERLOO · COLOGNE CATHEDRAL · BERLIN WAYS

It is a paradox of the world-circuit that all the time the traveler is going away from home he is going towards home and that his face and back are both at once in the direction of start and finish. Fortunately this does not constitute him a "facing-both-ways" pilgrim. But the Saunterer found something of this anomaly when he realized that at the very time when the "return trip" seemed to begin he had, by longitude, twice as much journeying before him to reach San Francisco as had been already covered in the circuit. In other words, when only about a third of the way around he somehow felt that he was "getting back." The sensation is all too complex to attempt to analyze it, but is another illustration of the fact, so baffling in modern rhyme and reason on all lines commercial, political, racial and astronomical that "East is West, etc."

At any rate the next arm of our journey which took us, "ticketed through," from England to the Continent, because it was the first stage of the trans-European and trans-Asian course towards China, made us feel "on our way home." If these notes, by the way, were to chronicle things which did not happen, probably such "flashes of silence" would illuminate the Channel trips and it is but fair to that silver streak, so much of a "human document," as men think of tunneling, swimming, or flying it, and so large a portion of mankind drearily toss on its surface, to say that our various experiences with it fortunately numbered only its sunny, smooth hours. That was auspicious in itself and we reached Brussels



Field of Waterloo

"Yes, Agincourt may
be forgot
And Cressy be an un-
known spot
And Blenheim's name
be new:
But still in story and
in song
For many an age
remembered long,
Shall live the walls of
Hougomont
And field of Water-
loo."

with only one thrill *en route*, and that about getting Doveresque French into emergency shape for avoiding an impending mistraining of our luggage.

"Were you really surprised at Waterloo?" an enterprising fellow-citizen is said once to have asked the Iron Duke. "No, but I am now," was the animated reply. And it would be surprising if anyone could interject any new matter at this late day into the history or description of that field, over which it is only to add to its signal interest to say that probably even more ink than blood has been shed. This, however, scarcely affects the grim fascination and fresh interest with which each visitor surveys it, with the explanation of the guide, from the "Lion Mound," or goes the round of the points associated with the battle. To stand in such places as the old chapel of Hougomont, or by the side of the graves of those whose bodies rest near where they fell in the adjoining garden, is instinctively to visualize the valor and the crash of the fateful days. It is told of this chapel that while many of the wounded lying in adjoining buildings perished as flames reached them, those in the chapel escaped as the fire did not extend far beyond the entrance, it being a remarkable fact that it ceased at the foot of a wooden image of the Saviour. It is not easy to analyze the spell of a great historic battlefield with its marks of

"The ghastly harvest of the fray."

But is not a great element in it the repeopling it with humanity in all its heroism and death? Every touch of a participant or spectator that is preserved in literature is eagerly treasured, just as the reminiscences and anecdotes of our Civil War are always live matter for our magazines. Whether wholesome or not there is a human zest in making the scenes pass before the mind again. As the Saunterer stood in the little museum near the mound,

and among the many relics saw a skull pierced by a bullet and a hip bone with the bullet still lodged in it, his imagination wandered off into what the life histories were into which they had entered. As whole animals are constructed from pre-historic single parts of the skeleton so he found himself mentally constructing the personalities that had lived in those two relics. And perhaps the facts if they were known might be stranger than any fiction which would gather around such an attractive title as "The Bullet and the Bone." But the bloodshed of any great battlefield for principle and progress, while it is part of the profound mystery of evil and suffering, and may be minimized by the advance of civilization and humanity in our wide efforts for the reign of peace, does give humanity new sense of His touch with us Whose blood was given for us in the struggle of Gethsemane and Calvary.

If here we note Brussels in association with Waterloo as in Byron's lines:

"Belgium's Capital
Had gathered its Beauty and Chivalry there."

We may put in a quotation—we have not been guilty of it very often in the Saunterings—from the guide book for all the rest: "To appreciate Brussels, read the histories of the old town—the terrible period of the Spanish domination, the riots and bombardments in the seventeenth century, the annexation to France and the union with and secession from the Low Countries" (even the guide books must occasionally intimate "look it up yourself"). And so at Cologne the jottings must simply be of such interesting memoranda of the original of the famous beauty portrait of Queen Louisa, of a picture of St. Francis, both in the museum, the Minorites Church, where Duns Scotus was buried, bits of ancient walls and towers outcropping on some of the principal

streets, and in contrast the striking modern railway bridge with equestrian statues of the recent German emperors. The principal reason for stopping there was, of course, the Cathedral called "the grandest Gothic building in the world." If it is a great "poem in stone" it would take a poet to tell of it worthily. At any rate it leaves a great poem effect as an indelible memory of art and genius upon the appreciation of even a casual observer. In an extract from the diary of Canon Liddon given in his life (p. 100), it is noted of the Rev. C. L. Dodgson, better known as "Lewis Carroll," author of "Alice in Wonderland," with whom Canon Liddon was then traveling: "Dodgson was overcome by the beauty of Cologne Cathedral. I found him leaning against the rails of the choir, and sobbing like a child."

The Saunterer may be pardoned a very mundane descent from this lofty lift of the mind, in the reflection, as one who has dug the first spadeful of earth in the excavation for an humbler fane, that those who have to do with the beginnings of cathedral building must not expect to see everything "done in twenty minutes." Here is the way there had to be waiting for Cologne. Begun in 1248, choir consecrated 1322, nave 1388; worked ceased about 1500, in 1795 French troops used the half ruinous Church for a hay magazine; work on building started again in 1823, finally consecrated in 1880. Six hundred and fifty years is no "hurry-up job," and even to take fifty and leave out the six hundred would be something of an acceleration. But we shall hope that San Francisco can do better than that. And the Saunterer cannot refrain from adding here a naive suggestion of the youngest member of his party. "When the San Francisco Cathedral is built I hope they won't put all the beauty on the outside and leave so little for the inside, as they did in Cologne."

Bismarck, in his autobiography, speaks of a "spirit of brag" with which Frederick the Great advised his representative in London, "When you go a-foot tell 'em there are a hundred thousand men behind you." And an impression of Berlin relieves one of the feeling of any monopoly in brag of the proverbial American tourist. Perhaps the particular guide was responsible for such an impression, but at any rate there is something in the atmosphere of Berlin, which, with all it has to show for itself, does not allow the visitor to forget that it considers itself of some imperial and other consequence. And so the Saunterer no doubt manifested some surprise when he heard the guide speak familiarly of the late Emperor Frederick William as "Old Billy," and of the present Emperor as "Our Billy," in that land of *lèse-majesté*. The guide explained that the terms were as it were diplomas of popularity, and that his has only been conferred by the populace upon the present Emperor in recent years, having been withheld from him in his untried youth. That achievement on his part ought certainly to go on record with that of the notable quarter-century of the reign of the "mailed-fist" unbroken by war. In going through the Royal Palace it was intimated to us that for an extra consideration, in the absence of the Emperor, surreptitious views could be taken of the family apartments. With that sense of what might happen upon such a defiance of law in those precincts the Saunterer felt bound to ask the guide if he could have the heart to subject a law abiding American citizen to the jeopardy of being immured in some dire dungeon, and the proffer was withdrawn! There was no such sense of peril in witnessing the "guard mount" of the palace sentinels, with the rigid "goose-step"—not a dance—that entertained the street crowds so much as the soldierly marines from the German warship

passed in the first San Francisco Portola celebration. There is a sort of kick-thrust about it.

The museum would have been an aggravation if there had been weeks instead of hours at our disposal, with its wonderful and absorbing collections, coins, ecclesiastical work from old churches, masterpieces of Rubens, Vandyke, Murillo and others. There was a Spanish Madonna Dolorosa of wood, with almost startling effect of eyes and tear drop, before which we lingered. The new cathedral, more vast than ecclesiastical, the old castle with its family-like interior, the drives along the Unter den Linden, and the new military road all were duly included. And the visit was at any rate long enough to appreciate some of the changes in world importance and city status that have come over the metropolis and capital since the beginning of Bismarck's career when he could speak of "the narrow horizon which bounded Berliners of those days."

ST. PETERSBURGH

It seems that in the latest universal language, "new, simple and philosophically constructed," a sample word is "skwctwzwju," pronounced "skushtuksuzhu." It happens to mean "six hundred and seventy," but that is of little consequence in its bid for extreme simplicity. The traveler towards Russia may now untwist his tongue and "unscramble" his consonants into mere chatter of elementary speech. If, for example, the Saunterer could only have had the command of that glib universal tongue at a certain Russian railroad restaurant *en route* to St. Petersburgh, how it would have relieved the sense of suppressed power of expression! For even such trival matters will fasten themselves in the memory. We had only the proverbial "twenty minutes for meals," with not a word on the menu, nor from the waiter, disclosing the verisimilitude of any of the available viands, either in English or in French, and then when a sign language did succeed in producing edible results a hissing locomotive outside and menacing clock hands inside betokened a "gulp and go" kind of repast. And when the change came in bulk of "kopecks"—which might have been tin discs so far as the Saunterer's knowledge or inventory was concerned—and all hurried to the train to have the waiter appear in the car with a volubility and an earnestness—which a benevolent fellow passenger interpreted as the Russian for the waiter's having given me eighty kopecks too much change—alas! for such an experience before this new universal tongue has been given out to the world!

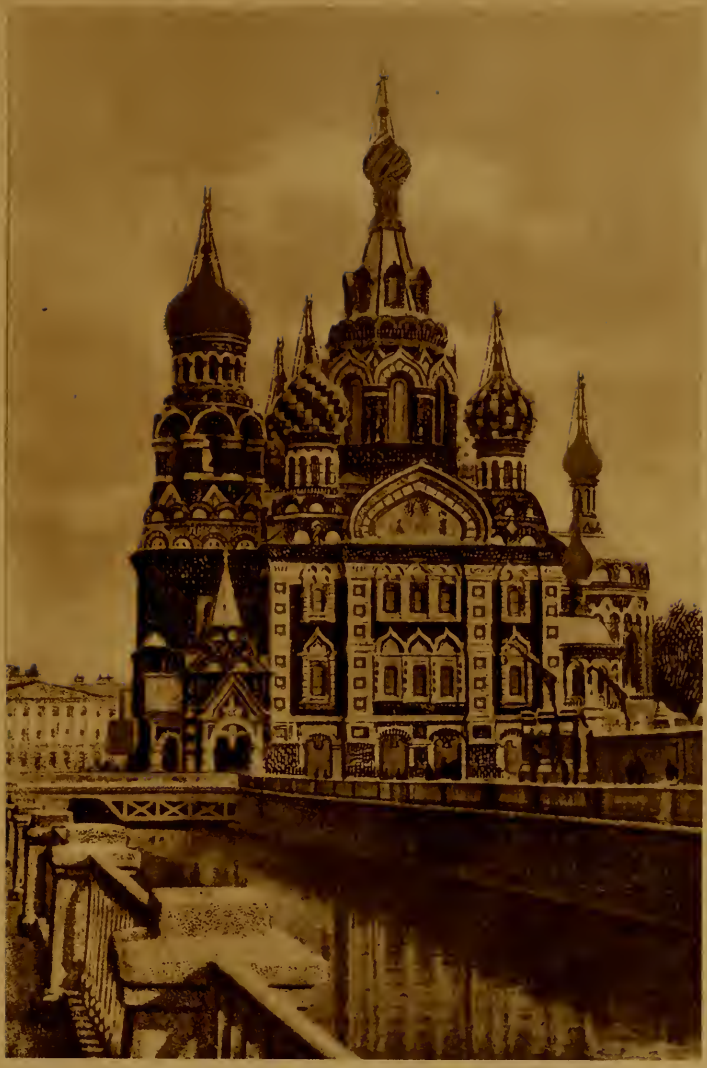
However, at St. Petersburgh itself, which we reached after a comfortable journey of two nights

and a day, English was abundantly spoken at the Grand Hotel d'Europe, where most comfortable rooms awaited us and indeed, with an excellent guide we had no after language puzzles. But when visiting the old fortress and Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul and asking questions of our guide, it was interesting to have some one standing by say: "Excuse me, but it is good to hear some straight American here," as I turned and found the speaker to be an officer of the United States Navy.

We were fortunate in having a Sunday in St. Petersburgh, as it gave us the opportunity to attend the services at the English Chapel, which, with the chaplain's apartments, is part of an old palace facing the Neva. The Rev. Mr. Lombard was most kind in welcoming us and enabled us to meet some of the congregation, though many of them were out of town for the summer. We were also able to stop in at the service of the great St. Isaac's Cathedral and enjoy the wonderful singing of the male choir and see the varied types of the vast congregation of worshippers. When Canon Liddon visited St. Isaac's nearly fifty years ago he expressed, in a letter to Canon Bright, what every fellow churchman must feel in witnessing such a service and seeing at first hand the working of the Russian Church: "There was an aroma of the fourth century about the whole (service) which was quite marvelous. The vast church was crowded with people of all classes, from the lowest to, I imagine, the very highest. . . . The devotion of many of the people was exuberant, passionate. They threw themselves flat upon the pavement when there was room; they kept their heads close to the stones for minutes together. . . . I cannot understand anybody coming here and saying that the Eastern Church is a petrifaction. Right or wrong, it is a vast, energetic and most powerful

body, with an evident hold upon the heart of the largest of European empires; indeed, a force within the limits of Russia to which I believe there is no moral parallel in the West."

As to the power of the religion in high places, the Saunterer somewhat unexpectedly came upon an evidence of it that appealed to him as sincere, as it was sacred to the private life of a czar. Passing through the great Winter Palace on the usual tour of its historic rooms, we came to one apartment which at the first glance had all the appearance of a living room, in contrast with nearly all the other parts we had seen. It was the working room of the former Czar Alexander II., kept scrupulously, as a matter of sentiment, just as he had left it, even the usual disarrangement of the desk, a half-smoked cigar among other things included. Noticing a Bible securely clasped lying on the desk, the attendant was asked if it were allowable to open it. He said he had not been asked to do so before, would let us look into it, if we wished. It was a Russian Bible and well thumbed, with much marginal comment and loose leaves inserted here and there containing prayers in Russian, which the attendant interpreted to us as containing petitions for his people and many objects private and public. Here there was a revelation of a Czar's personal religion. And that the Book was no less than a repository of some of his deepest and tenderest thought, one other discovery in the Bible disclosed. A book mark was there, a piece of cardboard perhaps one inch by three, with a simple faded worsted border and lettering of the sort that in our own country was the vogue with a past generation. Our eyes were at once attracted to it by the fact that, in this Russian Bible, it was in English and it was this: "For my dear Papa, Aug. 30," and then in finer lettering in Russian near its



Cathedral of the Resurrection, St. Petersburgh

A great modern Church with lavish expenditure for marble and jewels and jutting out into the street to cover and preserve the paving stones gouged out by the bomb that killed Czar Alexander II.

edge "Alexandra, Stuttgart, 1847." The pathetic touch in it was that this had been worked by his little daughter, the Princess Alexandra, probably to show him how she was learning English, and her death when eight years old was his life long sorrow; and some of her garments he had kept in this same room, where they are yet. And from the depth of that sorrow he had put the book mark, as its natural association, with his Bible, and so incidentally revealed the depth of his own estimate of the Bible and of prayer. It all added a special interest to the grave of the little Princess Alexandra as we saw it among the tombs of the Czars in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. But it gave a new point of view, especially in contrast with that apt to be suggested by the visit to the magnificent modern Cathedral of the Resurrection. This was built in memory of this same Alexander II. and juts out into one of the principal streets in order to cover the pavement where the nihilist bomb, that cut the Czar nearly in two, exploded. With all the grandeur of the Cathedral in its lavished gold and silver and precious marbles and stones, there is a grim fascination in looking down under the rich canopy and seeing the indentations made in the blocks of stone by the bomb. As one goes away from that, the Czar idea is apt to clothe itself in those terror terms of tyranny and anarchy, for which in the centuries there has been only too much claim. But with the aproach to the man, back of the ruler, in Alexander II. through that Bible and its heart-to-heart revelations in one instance at any rate is to rectify the Czar ideal. It is a case of the Bible over against the bomb. And we remember it was Alexander II. who emancipated the millions of serfs in the very year (1861) of the beginning of the war which resulted in the later proclamation of freedom of our Lincoln. And that

very room has been carefully preserved in all its furnishings for over thirty years since he was carried to it and died there March 13, 1881. From Philadelphia days there come to mind conversations with ex-Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, who had been Ambassador to Russia in some of the years of the reign of Alexander II., in which he spoke of a secretiveness of methods at the Russian Court which seemed to him, as to others, sinister. This Bible episode, upon which we have dwelt, has a bearing all of its own upon that better kind of reserve which does not wear its religion upon the sleeve.

Another special interest in going the well known round of St. Petersburgh, which included the points associated with Peter the Great, the Monastery of St. Alexander Nevsky, with its famed Choir of Monks, the meeting place of the Douma, Cathedral of our Lady of Kazan, etc., was the hope of finding Bishop Nicholas, with whom the Saunterer had cordial relations when Bishop Nicholas lived in San Francisco as Bishop of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. He is now a member of the Holy Governing Synod of Russia and among the most eminent ecclesiastics of the empire. He did not happen to be in town at the time of our visit, and there was no opportunity to revive the memories of the days in the early nineties when there were such pleasant interchanges as the invitation in 1894 to the Saunterer to attend the services commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Russian Orthodox Mission in North America, and the attendance of Bishop Nicholas and two of his priests at our Christmas service in St. Peter's Church, San Francisco. The great fire of 1906 and removals have left now no vestige of the buildings associated with either event but this happy memory.

MOSCOW

THE FULL official title of the Catholic Church in Russia, as in Greece, is the Holy Orthodox Catholic Apostolic Oriental Church. The Sauntérer has a card of Bishop Nicholas on which he is styled Bishop of the *Russian Orthodox Church in the United States of America*, he having previously borne the title of Bishop of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. And "for short" in America we very often speak of the *Greek Church*. This versatility, not to say, utility of names is suggestive. A Russian Churchman at any rate discloses no agitation about that particular matter. And we "episcopals," alas! are some of us in a quandary not to be dissembled now, to answer the very first question of our Catechism National-Churchwise!

But Moscow to an American Churchman has some striking significance bearing upon catholicity as a Church identification, whatever legal, local, loyal or late names it may be "commonly called." We remenber that Moscow was once a Patriarchate succeeding to the jurisdiction of Constantinople but that was so much of a "modernism" in that part of the most ancient Catholic Church that it only began in 1582 and only lasted until 1721. We realize that since 1721 a one man power has been superseded by what is theoretically, at any rate, an oligarchy in the Holy Governing Synod, which consists of twelve members with a Chief Procurator and more or less subject to the Czar. Something of the prestige of the one-time Patriarchate seems to have lingered in the importance of the office of what is now the Metropolitan of Moscow. And strong men like Philaret have filled it.

Just here comes in an American point of contact, with an interest of its own to a San Francisco Churchman. At the General Convention of 1862, it was the late Rev. Dr. Thrall, then Rector of Trinity Church, San Francisco, who offered a resolution, after he had called the attention of the Convention to the number of Christians of the Greek Church that had been coming to California, looking to some message to the Russian Church touching more adequate spiritual provision for them. This Resolution led to the appointment of a Commission on Ecclesiastical Relations and its subsequent correspondence with the Churches of the Orient. Mr. Ruggles, a prominent layman of New York, as a member of that Commission visited Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow, in 1853, and so the enterprise of our San Francisco Dr. Thrall had something to do with the later promise of priestly services of that Communion in California and then indirectly to the later sending of the Russian Episcopate there. California Churchmen like to include this as another "pioneering" record to be accredited to the Pacific Coast to go with the first use in the territory of the United States of the Prayer Book; the first fixing a Cathedral Seat in the American Church and some other "first things" of their Church forefathers. Bishop Nicholas, when in California, had this called to his attention and said that he knew that Philaret, the Metropolitan of Moscow, had been instrumental in at first providing the ministrations of his Church for the members in California.

English Churchmen have paid their tribute to the position and influence of Philaret. Archbishop Maclagan made a special visit to his grave in 1897. Canon Liddon, in one of his letters, gives an interesting account of a visit to Philaret in 1867, at his country retreat at Troitska. The house was of the

Kremlin, Moscow
A great citadel museum, its present walls dating from 1492, our discovery date—a constant "exposition." One curio interesting to English-speaking folk is a great gilded state carriage presented by Queen Elizabeth of England to the contemporary Ruler of Russia.

humblest description and very plainly furnished. The reception room had no carpet on the floor, and no papering on the walls—though he noted "a large print of Canterbury Cathedral"—with a *prie-dieu* and several Icons. Some of the points of the English Communion Service were discussed and the Metropolitan laid most stress of his criticism upon the absence from the English Liturgy "of a formal Invocation of the Holy Ghost upon the Sacramental Elements." Here again the great Ecclesiastic of Moscow touches upon a matter of precious import to an American Churchman as we in our Prayer Book by what are no less than great providences, through Cranmer's knowledge of Oriental Liturgies, through the non-jurors, through Scotland and through Seabury, have retained that very Invocation, so contributory to right doctrine and worship, if our American Church will but give it its full appraisal.

Suggestions of this sort Moscow made to the Saunterer. They may be somewhat technical and somewhat *parsonical*, but they were just as natural as it was for him to think of San Francisco's big fire when on the spot of Moscow's historic burning. But our efficient guide Mr. Bethel Grundy—his name like his speech straightforward English amid Russian tongues and scenes not otherwise "understanded"—saw to it that we missed none of the absorbing sight-seeing for which our time was only too limited. "Sparrow Hill," with its extended drive through the city avenues and characteristic scenes of people and architecture, gave us the "bird's-eye"—perhaps one could be forgiven for saying "sparrow eye's"—view of the city. Napoleon is said to have caught his first vision of it from that hill and we can readily conceive it was more enamoring than some of his later views, if not equal to them in

warmth. An elevation in the Kremlin is also said to have been used by him as a "coign of vantage." The well-known Kremlin, "a triangle about two miles in circuit, filled with palaces, churches, arsenals and museums," had so much of an "exposition," all of its own, that it would seem as if the school children who were visiting it in large numbers—this we were told a new departure to familiarize the children with their history, and not a bad idea—would grow old before they could take it all in. That we were in a country of careful scrutiny and identification was made manifest by the necessary Kremlin "Permit" and the examination of passports by the police authorities both on arriving and leaving hotels. We noted a great gilded state carriage presented to a contemporary Russian ruler by Queen Elizabeth of England, and crowns, coronation robes, armor, coins, Icons, relics, council chambers, historic staircases, galleries—to say nothing of the vast buildings containing them, and the "big bell"—would have kept us there yet, if we had tried to give them all the attention they deserved.

The pictures in the Kremlin and in the museum elsewhere were many of them "sombre and *triste*" as another traveler has described them. One of Ivan the Terrible, in remorse over his son whom in a moment of passion he had murdered, has about it the very fascination of horror. We also saw some of Verestchagin's gruesomewar scenes which were exhibited in America many years ago, now with the added tragic association of the death of the artist in one of the Russian war ships sunk by a torpedo in the war with Japan, when he with all on board went down almost instantly. Such realistic portrayal of war is in itself a very peace promotion. Then with Moscow itself standing out so strikingly in history as an object lesson of the ravages of war by flame

and suffering and of Napoleonic humiliation as was the byword among the Russian people by the two Generals—General Famine and General Frost—there is a most costly and striking church to mark contrastively, a memorial of the relief through the French evacuation and the besom of fire.

So after all the Church interests which center in Moscow, of the sort to which the Saunterer has in part referred were those closer and more agreeable to linger upon. Though the Saunterer was in mufti and presented no letters and had no communication with the Ecclesiastics, Philaret more than Napoleon and American Church rather than French conquest contacts with the Muscovian life are the fonder memories of the Sauntering there. The dismal retreat of the French army was not so much in mind as the advance of relations with the Russian Church. Such memories follow too the more happily those of a joint intercession with Bishop Nicholas at his Episcopal residence in San Francisco, in 1894, with a few of the clergy of both Churches present when the common Collect—*A Prayer of St. Chrysostom* in the Prayer Book, taken from the Third Antiphon of the Liturgy of St. Chrysostom—was used among other prayers said successively by the two Bishops. And another "eirenicon" is treasured in the Saunterer's library, a copy of Blackmore's *Doctrine of the Russian Church* "From Nicholas, Bishop of the Russian Orthodox Church in the United States of America, in remembrance of 25 December, 1894." That was the Christmas Day—our Day of the Evangel of Peace—when Bishop Nicholas and two of his Priests attended the service in St. Peter's Church, San Francisco. The book itself has—may it be with true prophecy as it is with true and significant history, and especially significant to our own American Scotch Liturgical lineage—the following inscription:

"To the Most Reverend, the Primus and the other Bishops of the Apostolic Church of Scotland, this volume is by their permission dedicated as to the only remaining successors and representatives of those British Bishops, who in the reign of Peter the First held a correspondence with the Russian Synod, a correspondence which was dropped on the death of Peter, with an assurance from the Imperial Government that it should be renewed at some future and more convenient opportunity."

THE TRANS-SIBERIAN TRIP

The outbreak of the dire Bubonic plague in Manchuria early in the year had for a time seemed to prohibit our journey across Siberia. So virulent was it that in the central plague hospital at Harbin sixteen hundred plague patients were admitted; sixteen hundred died. The life of the noble young English medical martyr, Dr. Arthur Jackson, who, with every precaution taken, was stricken on a Tuesday and passed away the next evening, graphically portrays the power of the pestilence, while it marks the introduction of modern methods to meet it in a way to evoke from the Chinese Viceroy an epitaph for Jackson's work, "His heart was in the saving of the world." And in the rapid transformations of modern China, though it may not stand out as conspicuously before the world as some other phases like those of assuming the republican form of government, probably no change is more significant than that of the revolution of ideas of dealing with this dread disease that was effected by Jackson and other representatives of modern skill in that plague. The antiquated healing methods were so steeped with superstition, and so sure to spread rather than to check infection that the marvel of the acceptance of the new order is well exploited in the very fact that before the middle of the year any menace to the traveler was entirely negligible. Accordingly at Moscow we duly entrained for our Trans-Siberian journey as we had hoped. The best through express, called the "Train de Luxe," leaves Moscow once a week on Wednesday evenings and the station showed that it was an "event," especially the hubbub around the luggage

room. Our guide saved us unnecessary delay, some of our fellow passengers barely catching the train—others losing it altogether. Once aboard in spacious compartments of the International Sleeping Car and with through dining car provision, there was every promise of comfort for the journey and we found this promise well sustained. With traditions of monotonous days before us over the great Asiatic "Steppes," we had laid in a good store of reading matter, some of it retrospective of the Holy Land and the lands we had visited. That gave us occupation and sorting and better shaping of our Sauntering impressions, somewhat like the developing of negatives. And withal some napping brought the proverbial "nature's sweet restorer" after strenuous sightseeing, just as the Pullman of our American Overland trip somewhat serves as a sanitarium for tired brain and body.

But the Saunterer was quite pleasantly surprised to find, in a first experience of it certainly, that with all of the thirteen days of the journey from Moscow to Shanghai—and about ten of them almost continuously in the cars—there was really no sense of *ennui*. To begin with our train load was a "human document" in itself, with the jumble of nationalities and languages represented. High Russian Army officers, railroad officials and mining engineers; Chinese returning from English Universities, French nobility, English clerks going to positions in China, American missionaries bound to Korea, we knew of, not to mention many other varieties not classified. One could understand the curiosity if also the "ghoulish glee" of that suggestion made by somebody that it would be an enlivening experiment to set loose a sufficient quantity of red pepper in a full dining car in order to produce at least the common language of a sneeze! Fortunately that demon-

stration of one utterance of an everywhere used "Volapuk" was not attempted. There was time for forming many agreeable acquaintances, among them a soldierly young Russian staff officer, Captain George Phippoff, going to report to his General. He had been in many engagements of the war between Russia and Japan and was courteous and helpful to us throughout in our ignorance of the country and the tongue. Our conversation naturally drifting to the agency of our ex-President Roosevelt in the bringing about the Peace between Russia and Japan, there was an emphasis of disapproval for which the Saunterer was not altogether prepared, evincing a Russian sentiment of regret that the war was discontinued just when it was, as the plan and belief was that Russia would have worn out Japan in the end.

But, added to the "Cosmopolis" aboard, the outlook on the countries through which we passed was far more varied than we had supposed. Of course there was a sameness about the great plains and forest margins of the track but the first morning after our night start showed us fields attractive for their verdure, then the second night carried us into the Ural Mountains. Though we could only see the lights of Zlatoust, a town mirrored in daylight in a large lake, it brought a sense of human companionship in the isolation of the mountains, and the morning afforded us something like our familiar home Sierra "Cape Horn" outlook. Not far from that mountain village stands the marble column marking the frontier between Europe and Asia and soon the Siberian trip began. As we whizzed past one small village, the monotony of its life was at the moment giving place to the excitement of a conflagration, as six of the houses were in flames forking high and, with the thatched roofs, the whole village seemed

threatened, the inhabitants naturally resembling a disturbed anthill in their running here and there. The snap-shot of such a scene as of a freight wreckage, of which there came a glimpse, conjured up a whole budget of curiosity as to the sequel, but the passing glance from the car window as is often the tourist's experience could only leave the sense of contact of sympathy with the human unknowns and never-to-be-known.

At Irkutsk there is a change of trains, with the gratification of a fresh car and the convenience of merely passing across a narrow platform from the compartments occupied from Moscow to corresponding compartments in the waiting train. In the earlier years of the railroad, pending the completion of some difficult engineering work around the lake near there, passengers were transported part of the way by other means, in the winter going over the ice. Now the work of double tracking the road was in evidence at many points. And as a reminder of our association of Siberia with shivering, one place was called to our attention as having the name of "Winter" from its reputation of being the coldest spot in Siberia, the thermometer sometimes plunging to fifty-three below zero. As we passed through some of the less populated sections we noted Guard Houses at frequent intervals, a sentinel at each one standing at "attention" in deference to the passing train. We were told that these were necessary as protection against roving bandits who had occasionally "held up" trains in the most approved "Jesse James" fashion.

On the ninth day we reached Harbin and then changed for Chang-Chun where again we changed to the Japanese South Manchurian Railroad and to a train which, locomotive, Pullmans, and all, was made in America. One of our fellow travelers,

"Catching a Tartar"

He "looked" the Tartar, but by due diplomatic approach softened into this "looking pleasant please."

representing an American Locomotive Company, said he had sold nearly two hundred locomotives to the Japanese in 1908, but that they were soon to undertake their own manufacturing of them. After a comfortable night's ride the Saunterer rose early to see something in passing of Moukden, the place of fierce struggles in the Russo-Japanese war, and in the early afternoon of the same day Dalney was reached and the long railway journey of nearly fifty-five hundred miles was ended.

Not the least educational and enjoyable feature of the transit was the opportunity to note the successive types of inhabitants—Russian, Tartar, Mongolian and Japanese. The stops at stations were frequent and long enough for "getting a breath of fresh air," some exercise and sights of the people who were generally thick around the stations. There were, too, the usual trinket and table supply vendors, though not importunate. In the Ural Mountains there were at very reasonable rates souvenirs of the mines, black iron candlesticks and the like, which especially appealed to the passengers. At one place two playful kittens were purchased by a juvenile passenger, and she thereafter had no apparent monotony of the way. Coy children stood about with bouquets of wild flowers for sale. But it would be difficult to say whether the people who stared at the passengers, or the passengers who could not but be absorbed in the motley dress and unwonted countenances of the bystanders found the greater curiosities. A Tartar type of man especially attracted the attention of the youngest member of our party and she was proceeding to "snap" him, when she heeded paternal advice based upon the peril of "catching a Tartar," etc., and the apparently sinister countenance of that particular party. The advice was that his consent should first

be duly secured before taking his picture. Our good Russian officer friend soon interviewed him and lo! we found what injustice had been done him by the result which is exhibited here. The face relaxed with a most assuming pride of posing.

Then it would be difficult, even if it could have been caught in a photograph, to convey the animation of the scene at Harbin, when it seemed as if hundreds of Chinamen were in a stampede for a waiting emigrant train. The chattering, the lugging of innumerable nondescript bundles, the pell-mell of pushing these bundles into the car windows, the dragging of excited children and the general throb of panicy life which fairly shook the cars was a diversion from which one had to tear himself away to get time to look after his own belongings and reservations.

The anniversary of the Saunterer's Consecration came about this time, and he rather envied the use of a Russian Church Car which he saw *en route*, surmounted with its small domes and crosses and bell. But the day brought with its associations of twenty-one years ago also those of a year ago with its service in the Pro-Cathedral and its great surprise of noble thought for the funds of the Diocese and of the fine and generous forecasting for this very world-trip.

SHANGHAI AND THEREABOUTS

DALNEY—sometimes called Dairen—was Russia's hope for an ice-free port and terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway thoroughfare to the waters of the Yellow Sea and Pacific Ocean. A long lease of the territory thereabouts, including Port Arthur, had been secured from China. A city was carefully planned as one would prepare blue prints for a modern house, with a civic center, fine roadways radiating on something of a spider-web projection, with due provision for public gardens and handsome buildings. An enormous excavation was made to enable the railway on its lower grade of approach to pass through the center of the town directly to the substantial wharves, and spanning the excavation is a great bridge of three noble arches which is in itself a true architectural feature. Russia had spent well on towards a score of millions of dollars in converting a fishing village into a modern city in the six years from 1898 to 1904, when at the breaking out of the war with Japan, Japan instantly seized Dalney as a ready-made base—just the opportune spot with its excellent harbor and strategic advantages, and could not have been in better position if it had all been the preparation for the war on the part of Japan itself. The bitterness of the loss to Russia must have been something like that of Calais to Queen Mary of England as she said, "When I am dead Calais will be found written on my heart."

It was an especial privilege to find there the services of the English Church, and the project for a worthy church and chaplain's house adjacent to buildings for the English Representative on one of the principal blocks around the civic center.

Leaving Dalney on the comfortable steamer, we were soon well out in the Yellow Sea and in passing saw the peaks near the battle-scarred Port Arthur. One interest of the voyage was to pass the Chinese Junks looking to the unnautical voyager anything but "ship-shape," and suggesting the danger of swamping in turbulent seas, though skilfully handled and with the great eye at the prow explained in that classic utterance of the Chinese navigator: "No have eye—how can see?" And is there not something in this akin to that "I will guide thee with Mine eye" of the Psalmist—some remote psychological connection between the placing that emblem on the Junk's bow with, say, that great eye in rich mosaic which looked down from the center of the dome of the Chapel of Stanford University before the earthquake demolished it?

About noon the second day we reached Shanghai after a morning run up the great river from Wu Sung, which afforded many novel scenes for an Occidental and a Kodak. "Our Own Missionary" awaited us on the wharf with a representative of the American Church Mission to help us with our luggage and we were soon "shanghaied" in a way to redeem that word from any and all of its untoward associations.

Leaving the many happy memories of the missionary side of our visit in China for more specific and later noting, we shall simply jot down here some of the impressions of Chinese life in general as we had opportunity to see it in its city aspects in Shanghai and other large centers of population, and of country life on our journeyings by various kinds of transportation through the rural parts.

The first aquaintance with the jinrickisha seemed to the Saunterer to be a singularly suggestive introduction to things Chinese. The vehicle, as has been

St. John's College, Shanghai

Where many of the Progressives of the Chinese Republic have been educated. Its graduates have taken leading positions in the English-speaking undergraduate world at such universities as Yale and Columbia.

claimed, may have been first a sort of "Yankee invention" of an American missionary, but if so, he proved his shrewdness by hitting upon the very thing for the environment both in Japan and China. To have a *human* before you in the traces is to come immediately to a realization of that which seems so much an anomaly everywhere that men are cheaper than horses. To have two wheels is in evidence that everywhere a minimum scale of economies is the vogue except where there is the one wheel of the barrow for a still simpler theory of transportation. To have to personally wrangle over a paltry fare, lest you demoralize the market and scale up expectations to extravagance, is a reminder that big adjustments in the labor question are to loom up in future chapters of a Chinese forward movement. And when you see the houseboat man swaying his sweep hour after hour, night and day, and when your chairman as he lifts the poles to his shoulders, gives a sort of preliminary shudder and contorts his face, and note the relays of men substituted for animals in common heavy drayage, it all seems to typify that one vast phase of Chinese life. Prof. Ross quotes from a waterman who, when reproached for leaving a sick comrade to die on the river bank, said "*Yan to meng ping*"—"Many men, life cheap." Few reflections upon Chinese life are more common than this, and yet is there any impression which is more vital to China in its challenge to a progressive civilization? A census of humanity where the census itself is almost the lowest and most depreciated item on the racial inventory list! And yet one of their own poets says:

"There yet is man—
Man the divinest of all things, whose heart
Hath known the shipwreck of a thousand hopes,
Who bears a hundred wrinkled tragedies
Upon the parchment of his brow."

And there was the marvelous prescience of Confucius in the saying that "Man must be prepared to wait a hundred generations after him for the coming of a man of perfect divine nature." Would anything fulfil that prophecy more strikingly than to read in great changes now going on—more of them in the last ten years, it has been said, than in the previous ten centuries—the new appraisal of life for the four hundred millions of the Empire, by the standard of Him who said, "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

There is a marked difference of physique and stature as there is of dialect between various provinces, and just as our San Francisco Chinamen for the most part speak the dialect of Canton and cannot easily understand that of Shanghai, so the typical man of Shanghai seems to be taller and more robust in appearance than in some other provinces. And the Saunterer was pleased to see here and there marks of a saving sense of humor. The Chinese railway was evidently still a good deal of a curiosity to the people, both in their flocking around the stations and gazing at the tourist specimens and in their swarming patronage of the trains. And one young Chinaman who was boldly showing his familiarity with the new-fangled cars had seated himself, while the train was still, on the round handle of the brake. Deftly up behind him came a mischievous companion and tied his queue to the handle with a *denouement* that showed no lack of the fun-loving element. And there is like evidence in the story of the tailor who, having made a stole for a clergyman after a pattern given him, itemized it on the bill as: "to makee one necktie." The very grin on a Chinaman's face, while it may be inscrutable, may have in it possibilities of this sense of humor to

count not a little in race re-habilitation. It certainly is more than the "grin without the cat" of Alice's exploits in Wonderland.

A visit to a great silk mill—called a Filature—gave the opportunity to observe the facility with which Chinese men, women and children can take to modern machinery and again started one thinking as to what will happen when a wide-spread manufacturing consciousness comes to the Republic as it undoubtedly will. And the superseding of the Chinese houseboats by steam launches on the crowded rivers, and the beginning of the so peremptorily needed sanitary improvements, and the keenness about learning modern military and naval science, and even a racial taste of modern luxuries and extravagancies are all there before the eyes of one who goes about at all in China. He would be a bold visualist indeed who would try to see ahead a half-century in such a transformation act as is now taking place in that hitherto lagging land.

As the coolies carrying you in your chair trot along through the narrow lanelike streets of say such an interesting city as Wusih, the forward runners give a "toot-like" warning to those in the street and if they do not heed it they are quite unceremoniously jammed against the side shops. It is a sort of parable of the way old China must be getting out of the way for New China.

We have not touched upon phases of life of the foreign element in Shanghai. On the spacious athletic grounds you can see almost every kind of Western game. We saw two baseball matches between nines from an American war vessel and resident foreigners. And in homes, shops, modern city appliances, including even the administration of part of the city itself (a principal hotel is the "Astor House"), Western ways are there for weal or for woe.

That contact may be for weal is the high opportunity and call for modern civilizationaries—if we may coin a word substitute for missionaries. And that name of a notable suburb of San Francisco stands for one—Anson Burlingame, in whom as an American citizen and representative we may take just pride as a protagonist for this very thing. We recall that when China first awoke to the necessity of adjusting itself by treaties to the outside world which it had before somewhat disdained, it chose Burlingame, the American Ambassador, and placed in him implicitly the powers of a sort of Universal Ambassador as "Envoy to Foreign Powers," by which he had already negotiated treaties with the United States, England, Denmark, Sweden, Holland and Prussia and was in the process of making one with Russia, when he died in St. Petersburgh in 1870. Professor Williams' recent "Life of Anson Burlingame" should bring greater appreciation of the one who, when banqueted at the old Palace Hotel in San Francisco in 1868, was toasted as "the son of the youngest and representative of the oldest Government." Strange whirligig is it now which might reverse the toast and speak of a son of the oldest Republic and representative of the youngest!

CHINESE MISSIONARIES AT WORK

If we could phrase all skepticism, not to say cynicism, about missionaries in China in such a question as "Can any good thing come out of foreign missions?"—the best rejoinder that the missionaries themselves could make would be the old familiar "Come and see." The Saunterer could quote evidence of this in abundance. In recent years, for example, a large representative body of Pacific Coast citizens made a trip to the Orient in the interest of better commercial relations. Many of them had little knowledge of or use for missionary enterprise there. Incidental discussions of the matter on the voyage over disclosed from some very positive views of disapproval and distrust of the whole missionary proposition. They went and saw. To a man on their return they were brought to a different mind and two of the leaders among them, one an ex-president of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, and president of a large steamship line, and the other a high bank official of Los Angeles, have made a joint statement published in the *Spirit of Missions* of June, 1913, which is one of the most effective campaign documents for missions of recent circulation. They say distinctly that "We have heard men soundly denouncing missions and missionaries, who, when questioned as to details and particulars, had to confess they knew nothing of the subject." They affirm that the source of information to one who would know the truth should be from those who have "studied the question," "have been on the ground" and have "investigated it first hand." "We claim," say the

writers, Capt. Robert Dollar of San Francisco and Mr. W. H. Booth of Los Angeles, "to be of this latter class." Then they give their deliberate judgment that the work as they saw it "has demonstrated its value and this demonstration calls for continued and augmented effort. The work should be encouraged and it should be supported. From every point of view it commands admiration and devoted encouragement." And another of our older leading business men of San Francisco put it to the Saunterer in this utilitarian way: "The great American corporations doing business in China could well afford to pay the salaries of all the missionaries simply as a business investment for the incidental advance agencies they constitute for the marketing of their products." While the missionaries Christianize and civilize they prepare the way for the demand for the commodities of civilization. And we may quote, too, Prof. Ross's words in his most interesting "*Changing Chinese*:"

> "The most penetrative Western things in China are the Gospel, Kerosene, and Cigarettes, and I am glad that as between light, heat and smoke the prophets of light got into the country first. These interior folk gather their first impressions of our race from those who want to make converts rather than those who want to make money" (page 273).

The Saunterer quotes this distinctly lay testimony that has come to him directly out of much that might be cited in order to prove that his own impressions are not the mere "special plea" of the parson. But fortunately there seems to be coming over the public mind something of a "back-number" view of cheap jibes about foreign missions. Thoughtful people do not gather their impressions of them from fearsome "comic" supplements which caricature the foreign missionary, lean, lank and top-hatted, standing before a caldron with a cannibal king calmly

surveying the captive to see whether after all the lack of rotundity in physique justifies the trouble of cooking! And treaty port gossip of missionary infirmities no longer stays honest effort to get into the heart of the work itself.

And that it is real work, work for racial progress, work for civilization, work profoundly contributory to the help of the business man and the statesman as well as work for God, the Saunterer will try to show some of the reasons for a belief that is in him.

The two phases of the work as he saw it were naturally those of the institutional and those of the pastoral sort. And of the institutional much could be written, of the hospital efficiency and its most ready point of approach to the people, of the noble service and sacrifice on the part of medical missionaries who relinquish promise of modern facilities and large remunerative practice at home to serve often under limitations of appliances and with a salary barely sufficient for ways and means. Much too could be said of the devotion to and the success in Primary Education. But as a fair sample of accomplishment we can only pick out one institution for these jottings and that is St. John's University, Jessfield, Shanghai. And to begin with, nothing but the actual "seeing of the eye" can afford the worthy impression of what the Church has in the way of establishment in the group of buildings and spacious grounds associated with the University. Photographs there are in abundance of the Pro-Cathedral, University Buildings, Girl's School, Hospital, Bishop's House, President's House and Professors' and Staff Houses, but no photograph the Saunterer has ever seen, and no description has ever conveyed to him, that effect of "Good Estate of buildings which so visualizes standing and solidity." But the Saunterer was soon introduced to the Uni-

versity and other life in the building, which is the thing of real consequence. Of the warm hospitality to him and his from one and all, its personal side he will not attempt to speak. Suffice it to say that it is treasured among the happiest memories of the world trip. And the athletic life of the University was in evidence in finals of tennis which the students were playing when the Saunterer had his first view of the campus, the cups and other trophies, won in contests with other universities, the "good form" of the young Chinamen and the general air of manliness. Perhaps one is not quite prepared to find the love of baseball, football, as well as of tennis, thanks to good training, so well developed.

"Commencement Day," however, was the most absorbing exhibit of the university procedure. It strikingly betokens the fact that a revolution had come over educational interests in China fully as far reaching as the revolution in government. The contrast between what to all intents and purposes was like the graduation and campus of an American college and the old cell Imperial literary examinations and degrees of the scholar class, is fully as marvelous as any other change that has come over China in its recent epochal transformation acts. Families and friends of the students were there to the number probably of a thousand, making a brilliant spectacle on the lawns under a sunny sky. After the opening prayer of the Commencement Exercises, by Bishop Graves, there was an English Essay on "What Liberal Education Means," then a Chinese Oration on "Monotheism," then another English Essay by a graduate in the School of Medicine on "Scientific Medicine in China." The ex-Ambassador to the United States, H. E. Wu Ting Fang, made an address in Chinese followed by one in English by the Saunterer. The Degrees were then

Laying of Cornerstone of Catechist School, Wusih, China

A ceremony with a California "atmosphere" in China. The trowel was of the peculiar Chinese use—all of iron, something like a butcher's cleaver.

conferred by President Pott, who also made an address and presented certificates and awarded Honors. The dignity and atmosphere of the whole occasion could not fail to impress deeply any one who would "come and see." The graduates of St. John's have in their own careers signally accredited the University, both in China and elsewhere. One, for instance, occupies a high position in the new Government. And of those who go to the United States and European universities to complete their education, one took a De Forest Medal at Yale and another was the editor of the college paper at Columbia. The Saunterer met one at the table of President Pott who had just returned from his graduation at Yale and who somewhat sardonically remarked "I can get along with your straight American but it is your slang that trips me." He then described his experience during a Yale vacation in a small American town when, entering a store, he noticed a dog going out as he opened the door and hearing the storekeeper as he went up to the counter say "dog-gone-it," he began to apologize, thinking the emphasis of the expression was due to his allowing the canine to escape. It was when the storekeeper showed surprise at his explanation that he realized that there was no bearing upon any culpability on his part and it was only just a "slang word."

Another institution in which naturally the Saunterer had an especial interest was the newly started Shanghai School for Catechists at Wusih. By the kind consent of Bishop Graves, the Saunterer was privileged to lay the corner stone of its first building, which with the residences associated with it was provided in good part from contributions secured by the Rev. John W. Nichols, its head, when on his furlough in the United States, and no small part of the contributions came from California.

The work of shepherding a missionary congregation was well seen in St. Peter's, Sinza, Shanghai and in Wusih, the former showing a center established some years and the latter one of the new points. Both have their Compounds with staffs of workers, men and women, foreign and native. At Wusih, where the Rev. Mr. Mosher and Mrs. Mosher have carried the mission through some of the pioneering conditions with the limitations, not to say privations, that belong to them, the Compound is filling out with substantial buildings, the last of which is a handsome church building to be erected there. The process seems to be very much like that of winning the way of a congregation at home, interesting individuals sometimes by the healing art of the medical associate, sometimes by direct teaching and preaching, sometimes by gathering together the little children. Then when a body of worshippers is found, awaiting the quiet effect of "well doing," to impress the community and so "putting to silence the ignorance of foolish men," in reverence of worship and in fidelity of daily life, it is enough to say that there is what the old collect calls "Sufficient Success." And with that the missionaries face the many problems and it seemed to the Saunterer are singularly "of good cheer." At first the work under Mr. Mosher had the only Christian Compound in Wusih. In Shanghai as at many other points various Christian bodies are well represented. It was the privilege of the Saunterer to meet Dr. Timothy Edwards, a Baptist missionary of many years' service in China, and a scholar well versed in its ancient religions. And at Holy Trinity Cathedral of the Church of England the Saunterer preached and had a glimpse of the noble missionary record of that church in China. And it all left him with the decided impression that he could *in foro*

conscientiae bear the strongest testimony on his part that the Chinese Missionary is, indeed, with patience and power *at work* and no mistake. And the opportunity and zest of it all seems to be touching this chivalric sense of our young American manhood and womanhood more and more. There is the challenge of the very difficulties and the reward of realizing the help of the Holy Spirit to surmount them.

CHINESE MISSIONARIES AT PLAY

"WHAT! Should real missionaries play?" may still lurk somewhere, as an instinctive challenge to the above title, in a popular conception of what a missionary should be. That, however, is probably not very persistent nowadays, and is rather a sort of survival of a view of the ministry at large suggested by Sam Lawson of Parson Lothrop in Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Fireside Stories"—that parsons go around spending all their time without a let-up in ruminating "on Jerusalem and Jericho, and them things that ministers think on." Even the old Levites and priests, to say nothing of the Good Samaritan himself, had their relaxations in journeying between Jerusalem and Jericho, when their minds had for their tonic absentee experiences; and certainly the modern place of the holiday for any worker who works, in making him the better worker when he works, needs no apologist. An extension of the old Christian Father's caution "Not to make vacation a vocation" that I believe would find acceptance among all healthy-minded and able-bodied folk, might be, "but make a sane, salubrious vacation part of vocation."

One who visits China in the summer months has the opportunity to see how the Christian missionaries of all names manage this. And if the people at home can take a just pride and satisfaction—as they certainly can—in knowing how faithfully our representatives *work*, as reported from so many fields and by so many pens, the object of this article is to call attention to the sound, wholesome and so assuring way in which they betimes can *play*. An old Con-

fucian maxim says: "The man of knowledge finds pleasure in the sea, the man of virtue finds pleasure in the mountains." Though I presume the missionary holiday seekers would not classify themselves on precisely the Confucian lines, still seashore and mountain find them grouped at various points in China, and out of China—as in Japan. Among the mountain resorts probably Kuling and Mohkanshan are the most frequented. As a sojourner for some weeks at Mohkanshan—which is something over a hundred miles from Shanghai, in the Province of Chekiang—the writer has reason to believe that in the life and spirit of the colony it is fairly typical of other points, though not as large in summer population as Kuling with like attractions.

It would be easy to prolong the article beyond proper limits with descriptions of the natural attractions of the mountain and its overlook, with green of bamboo covered slopes sloping down to the green of rice fields in the plain. And the getting there, especially the house-boat and chair transportation amid characteristic Chinese rural scenes, to a newcomer add decidedly novel chapters of experience, and make one appreciate something of the task of bringing China more fully abreast of modern progress. But we may take all these for granted as we note some features of the play-spell itself.

Ample provision is made for good outdoor exercise. Besides a playground for the children there is a reservation for a public park, which includes a swimming pool and tennis courts. The following lines from the Mohkanshan *Bulletin* for 1910-11 catch the very poetry of motion of the deft racquet:

> "I see again the strenuous tribe in white
> Flitting across the deep-cut scar of brown:
> The felt-clad missiles fly to left and right
> And up and down."

"The deep-cut scar of brown" is something of a feat in making "crooked places straight" by excavating a series of courts out of a steep mountain side. While learners are not lacking there, it would be interesting to know how many well-tried home university courts were represented. From one cottage at least Harvard, Stevens' Institute and Trinity were all in evidence. Mountain paths there were too in abundance, going to "Pagoda Peak" and elsewhere, to exercise knees as well-wonted to the bending for other upward look.

Then the simple, happy home life in the cottages, most of which are perched on or near some commanding ridge, has led to the formation of an admirable association of owners, which conserves the welfare and interest of the whole community, while it serves the economy of building and living and puts it within the very modest means of the average missionary to enjoy the privileges of the mountains. And the "puttering around" the cottage and lots, planning new additions and fixings here, and changes of path and shrubbery there, affords the usual congenial day's doings for the cottage owner in his little barony.

Singularly enjoyable, too, are the opportunities for companionship and conference, for many in their respective fields have an isolation from their fellow-countrymen and women and fellow-workers that is almost inconceivable to those who have never known it. A genuine social life pervades the colony, and besides the smaller groups of friends there are lawn parties, picnics, entertainments for young and old, participated in by the cottagers in general.

A seemly church building occupies a central place, in which both prayer book and non-liturgical services are held—the former under the auspices of the English bishop, in whose district the mountain is. Services are also held in the Chinese tongue for

House Boat, China

Some of the Saunterers and their friends. The "houseboat" is all "first cabin," but the passenger list is not always confined to humans. The winding along the water ways and through the towns affords many opportunities of seeing the "real China."

the native people. Besides the usual Sunday-school and Bible-class hours there are week-day services, a Monday Club, and each season lectures on the Bible or other sacred topics by visitors especially qualified. A public library, with good attention to the addition of new books, is much used.

In such an environment it does not require much imagination on the part of the reader to fill in the picture of a holiday of the utmost benefit to those who make use of it. If at home, as we say, every busy man and woman likes to "get out of things for a while," not only in order to find mental and physical rest, but to get perspective and think over the "day's work" quietly, to take in new ideas and new vision and find a fresh hold upon the duties of a particular post, how much more does the missionary in a foreign field, living in an atmosphere heavy with heathenism never able to get out of its mental miasma, while the very earnestness to deal with it, the very striving of the spirit within because it seems to be wholly given to idolatry, makes the sense of its close oppressiveness the keener—how much more does such an one need, and respond to, the change and resiliency that the escape from it all for a while and the ozone of mountain air and outlook, and the fellowship of those of like mind and like hope, can give? Who can tell how much Mohkanshan and like places have to do with making better missionaries?

But the writer is sure that, judging from his own experience, a holiday at such a point might mean very much to any visitor from home. As one who has had some little membership on Missionary Boards, local and general, he will make so bold as to confess to a strange fancy that it would gratify our Boards of Missionary Direction of all names of Christians almost as much to take a look at their missionaries at play as to see them at work. It would, I grant,

be something novel at any given staid Board meeting, with brows knit over the customary policies and problems, to have read off from the docket anything like "Matter of Board Muster at Mohkanshan." But would it not warm the cockles of the heart of every staunch Board man or woman of them, if they could adjourn for a spell to see, as recreation so pleasingly shows them, what a live, hearty, red-blooded, happy, cheery, sensible lot of young manhood and womanhood they have on duty in China and elsewhere!

Some of them would surely, in pure exhilaration, be moved to take a hand at tennis themselves. We speak of "Young China" in its relation to the future of that great republic. We may well speak of "Young America" too in the forecast of results, as they in turn take up the noble work of our veterans and of those of many missionary nationalities.

One of the strongest impressions it all made upon the writer was just that spirit of enterprise and hopefulness in those holiday missionaries. At San Fransisco, through which many pass going and coming, he had constantly noted the characteristic optimism of foreign workers. At Mohkanshan the same trait was intensified. He felt curious to look into it a little. Conditions seemed favorable for securing some definite data. There were gathered there representatives of many Christian bodies. There were those working in varied fields and on special lines of missionary effort—medical, educational, evangelistic and pastoral. With the help of some of our young people the following question was widely distributed among those on vacation at Mohkanshan:

A visitor, much interested in present phases of missionary work in China, and impressed with the fullness and variety of experience of the workers gathered here, would much appreciate it if you could see your way kindly to tell him on this sheet

in a few words what from your personal standpoint seems, out of the experience of your particular field and sphere of service, to be the most hopeful feature of the work?

The response was prompt and cordial, and extracts from the answers are appended. They speak for themselves of the reason for the hope that is in the Chinese work for Christ. They fall naturally under heads like those we are accustomed to postulate of encouraging points at home, such as: that missions are showing a spirit of self-help; that they are producing a native Christianity which rings true in character; that they are acquiring a momentum of their own in native leadership and influence.

I.

THE MISSIONS ARE SHOWING A SPIRIT OF SELF-HELP.

"The fact is that the Chinese Christians are taking an increasing share of the financial responsibility. Seventy-five per cent of the Church members in our field are in self-supporting churches. Nearly all of our Christians in the smaller groups are giving generously to the support of the Gospel. Along with this is a willingness to assume more responsibility for discipline, etc. In other words, progress toward a self-governing and self-supporting Church."

"Some of our girls nearly support themselves in school by the use of needle and scrub-brush."

"An increasing realization of personal responsibility on the part of the native Church for the salvation of their own people as indicated in their: (1) Unprecedented activity in bearing witness to the power of the Gospel. (2) Their opening and support of new chapels, and (3) their increased contributions to all phases of Church life."

"The growing sense of responsibility shown by our Christians and their increasing willingness to take up the burden of Church support and extension."

"A growing willingness on the part of the Chinese Church to get under the burden of evangelization, financial and otherwise; and less seeking after material benefits because of being identified with the Church or missionary."

"The sale of tracts and Testaments is on the increase."

"More voluntary effort in evangelization among neighbors, friends and the community. The Church is becoming more independent and aggressive. It is partaking of the patriotic spirit and there is a spirit of self-support, self-government and self-propagation."

"A growing spirit of independence on the part of the Chinese Christian teachers coupled with a willingness to assume responsibility."

"A self-help department of our college to my mind will prove to be one of the greatest blessings for the poor but most worthy young men of our Christian Church."

"Self-support and self-government is the most encouraging feature of the work in our field. We have one church in the country, the first member of which was baptized in 1902, that became self-supporting and self-governing in 1908. It has about one hundred and thirty members, and in these three years has grown stronger each year. Others are trying to follow its example."

"Another hopeful thing is that many of the young men in the schools are giving themselves to the preaching of the Gospel, and nearly all, even those who are not Christians, have the ambition to help others, to help their country, and in more or less a degree to live not for self. That is, the *ideals* of Christ are possessing China's young men, often unconsciously perhaps, but nevertheless in a way that will help greatly to bring in a new China, with love to God and love to man prominent."

MOHKANSHAN

(A mountain in the Province of Chekiang, China, where many missionaries of many Christian names spend their summer holidays.)

"The mountains shall bring peace"—and Mohkanshan
Is beautiful to them that publish peace,
Who here find summer holiday's surcease—
Christ-chieftain's highland missionary clan.
From lowland stir and throng, Great Brother Man,
Thy crowded life sought mountain heights' release,
Peace passing understanding to increase
For quick'ning power of life and work, Thy plan.
Horizons of temptation round we scan,
Thy mount of prayer made fiercest tempter cease.
Thy sermon-mount Beatitude began
As show'rs forecast their thunder-heads of fleece.
Transfiguration Mount! O if we can
In peace irradiate fill out life's span!

II.

THEY ARE PRODUCING A NATIVE CHRISTIANITY THAT RINGS TRUE IN CHARACTER.

"The desire to know the truth. Feeling that much of the old order is false they seem to me to want to make sure that the new is really true. I feel they do a great deal of independent thinking, yet are willing to be taught by capable people."

"The attitude of the students to their courses of study, and of the Christians to their declaration of faith. Most of them are faithful and earnest."

"The open-mindedness and attentive attitude of the people toward the Gospel. The great trouble now in many places is to be able to seat the people who come to hear, where a few years ago it was very hard to get the people to come. I have been engaged a great deal the past year in tent meetings, and the people came by hundreds to almost every service. They seem anxious to know what this strange doctrine is."

"The fact—illustrated by the life of my co-worker, the Rev. —— —— (a native clergyman)—that from such heathen surroundings a Christian Chinese ministry may be produced, showing as thorough consecration and self-sacrifice and unselfishness as one could find in the very best type of Christian ministry at home. The constant increase of the number of boys from our school turning to Christianity is proof of the power of such a life."

"Confidence on the part of our active Chinese Christians in the ultimate triumph of Christ in China."

"An increasing willingness on the part of our Chinese helpers to rely upon the promises and power of God, and a corresponding distrust in merely human efforts."

"The great majority of our graduates are faithful to their Christian profession, many in trying situations."

"The dissatisfaction of the people with their old life which impels them to seek something better. This is seen in my experience by the women's desire for education. Also high-class girls are daily going to and fro to school, while a few years ago they would not appear on the streets."

"Seeing the effect that Christ has had in the transformation and the gradual upbuilding into strong, attractive character of the lives of some of our medical students and young doctors, making them tell for Christ mightily."

"The willingness of the people to listen to the Word as we come in personal contact with them."

"The fearlessness of the people in the presence of their neighbors to acknowledge the truth and value of Christianity."

"Some of the Christians I know; their good lives and their zeal for making Christianity known to others. Instances: the travelling tailor and reformed opium-smoker of ——, who tells what great things God has done for him as he goes from house to house; the 'consecrated cobbler' of —— and many others. In —— and — the men's auxiliaries bear all the expenses of preaching halls in two neighboring towns. At —— Church practically all the preaching hall and Sunday-school work is done by lay members of the congregation."

"The courage and efficiency with which leaders undertake their work."

"The readiness of the Chinese to hear what the preachers of the Gospel have to say."

III.

THEY ARE ACQUIRING A MOMENTUM OF THEIR OWN IN NATIVE LEADERSHIP AND INFLUENCE.

"Our native preachers are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for they have made a comparatively recent discovery—that 'it is the power of God unto salvation.' This finds expression in a new and aggressive evangelism through tent meetings and other missions."

"A deepening sense of responsibility to serve and to help."

"Opposition of the officials and other high-class Chinese, growing out of what they see and hear of the advancement of the Gospel in this section."

"The multiplication of Christian homes. This is being effected by many agencies but chiefly, it appears to me, by the great influence of our Christian schools."

"The exceptional ability of the Chinese clergy, and the growing consciousness on their part of that ability; their willingness to assume responsibility for preaching and the willingness of the people to hear. This is true in both city and country work, and finds especial illustration in two series of tent meetings recently held in the city."

"Our unsurpassed religion of the Kingdom of God on earth, the magnificent mind of the yellow race and its readiness to receive the best that is known in the world."

"Homes better because an accomplished Christian woman is home-maker."

Mohkanshan Cottage in foreground

All the material that goes up the Mohkanshan Mountain —trunks, supplies, materials for building, etc.—goes up on human backs over narrow and steep trails.

"The large number of young girls seen on our streets with unbound feet and with their school books in hand. Many of these are from the upper classes. It seems a sign of the emancipation of the womanhood of China. The education of the future mothers, and their ability to read the many religious books which must find their way into homes sooner or later."

"The regular day-school as a nucleus for the Sunday-school."

"In the educational work in which I am engaged we more often have boys wishing to become Christians who are of a class that will receive no material help from such an act, but rather the reverse. As time goes on a much finer type of Christian is produced, especially in the second generation. Also that clergy who have had the advantage of a thorough education have a zeal and love for their work, and an inspiration."

"There is a spirit of enquiry in general more than ever before."

"A deep conviction on the part of our Christians, students especially, that China's hope as a nation is in Christ."

"(1) Two-thirds of our students are Christians. (2) The remainder are nearly all enquirers. (3) There is much less opposition and persecution on the part of parents and relatives than formerly. (4) The demand for students educated in mission schools by missions, business men and the government."

"My work in China, extending over a period of thirty years, has been entirely along educational lines, with the end in view of preparing young men for Christian work. Altogether these years have been greatly blessed, and I have the satisfaction of seeing not a few young men engaged in the Lord's work."

"One consecrated Chinaman is likely to be of far greater service in evangelization than many consecrated foreigners."

"A clearer comprehension on the part of officials and people of the spiritual nature of the Church. The friendly responsiveness of the Chinese when assured of the disinterestedness of the foreign missionary."

We all know only too well the other side of the picture—the profound problems, the features that daunt rather than hearten, the myriad trials as well as the aids of faith. But none can possibly appreciate that more than these same workers, who are face

to face with it all on the far-flung frontier. It would be to their credit if they were simply intrepid, with little or no glow of light-heartedness over results or outlooks. But one cannot read their words, to say nothing of mingling with the missionaries themselves, without having them seem like very "cheers from the front." From the representatives of many Boards they come, from experts in all the leading lines of missionary work, covering times of service in China from later arrivals to a notable veteranship of forty years. A Mohkanshan missionary *esprit du corps* among Christians of many names is, too, in some respects even more significant of the working of the Holy Spirit, phalanxing men in the actual tramp of advance, than the memorable quickening of the Spirit itself at an Edinburgh Conference. They present many standpoints with their diversities of operations and of gifts, but the same Holy Spirit, and the note is that of *Jubilate*. Such sentiment out of the play-spell only shows, after all, how true they are to their work-spell.

JAPANESE HARBOR IMPRESSIONS

STEAMER-STOP impressions, like those from car windows, cannot be very far reaching, nor of much account in themselves, however novel or entertaining. But in these recent years the world has heard a good deal about Japan without going to Japan, and few who read can be without the desire to see the country if it only be to touch at some of its principal ports, with opportunities here and there to go ashore and make short trips inland. The first anchorage of our "Liner" was at Nagasaki, and if the militant suffrage movement ever animates Japan, it is not difficult to predict that a prompt phase of it will be a strike of the women against coaling the ships. The result would not only be the effect upon the ships bunkers, but the harbor would lose the decided novelty it is to most tourists to note the alacrity with which, by a sort of endless-chain-like process, coal is not so much "heaved" as lifted with a rhythm of basket motion from the barges to the ship bunkers as by deft instrumentation upon web-like scaffolding, in large part by woman's hands. Even in so prosaic a matter as coaling a ship the Nipponese seem to justify what their Dr. Nitobe quotes from Spencer as a phrase fitting their bent to make the simplest thing into an art, that "Grace is the most economical manner of motion." The coal heaving, as well as the leave taking of the Japanese at Yokohama and elsewhere, with their multiplied elaborate obeisances, betoken this.

The trip through the inland sea was another experience of the country with the strangeness of gliding along in a great ocean-goer, as if in a river

steamboat, in one place the deep channel being only about one hundred and fifty feet wide. Passing views of the islands as well as of the shore and of near-at-hand life on the waters of fishermen and small craft had a zest in acquainting us with scenes really characteristic of a race with so many maritime conditions. And the time will come when the "Powers" must "sit up and take notice" of the advantages in the commercial covering of the Pacific that a race will have with traditions for a merchant marine of its people so well wonted to the water.

At Kobe there was a great opportunity to see the sights in jinrickishas nimbly drawn, among them the picturesque falls and the colossal statue of Buddha, not as old and not as large as that at Nara, but suggesting the nickname given by the Japanese to our Dr. Phillips Brooks and his close friend the late Dr. McVickar, when they toured Japan. Both were of large physique, so much so that they constantly feared rebellion—which however only once occurred—on the part of the diminutive jinrickisha men; and as they passed sometimes the Japanese children called out "Daibutzu," the word for their colossal statues of Buddha! In the harbor of Kobe was in evidence a bit of Japanese engineering skill, in that concrete had been solidified into blocks of two thousand tons, and then floated out to be placed *in situ* for the breakwater.

Yokkichi was our next stopping place to take on a large consignment of porcelain from the works at Nagoya. It gave something of a home feeling to see many of the boxes marked with the well known name of a San Francisco firm. Then at Shimidzu some four hundred tons of tea was put on board the lighters coming along very leisurely as if they already symbolized in bulk the repose and relaxation of the social afternoon hour assigned to the cup of that

beverage. The scenery around the harbor was attractive, and then we had some fine views of the famous snow mountain and extinct volcano Fuji-yama. In the evening came our first experience of a wireless message in an invitation over the wires from relatives in Yokohama, which we reached the next morning. The thoughtful hospitality of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Payne to which we were welcomed, providing even for our going and coming in the harbor with a special launch, and for our getting about generally for shopping and sightseeing, would have in itself guaranteed the happiest memories of Yokohama. And we were able to spend a little time in Tokyo, visiting the Mission buildings and points of interests. The staff of our Church workers, numbering in it Bishop and Mrs. McKim and other old friends, were for the most part on vacation at the time—early in August—and we missed the pleasure of seeing them, but Miss Wallace acted most satisfactorily as our guide, and enabled us to appreciate the more fully the remarkable accomplishment our Mission has made and the promises for the furture if it can have even half of the support it deserves. These passing glimpses upon Japanese progress in its own habitat left much to be desired in the way of fuller opportunity, but they did confirm, so far as they went, some reflections upon race contacts which his visit to China had also deepened, and to which the Saunterer has found his thoughts directed in the whole question of the prime modern problem of race relations. And few people who keep their eyes and ears open to what is going on in the world can escape queries as to what is to be the outcome of the readier communications, the minglings and the shiftings of the races of today.

First, there are the sharp and signal contrasts. On the one hand at the point of race contact there

are Mission plants, and agencies sampling the high types of the particular races concerned. Pick out some good man or woman undeniably devoted, body and soul, willing to spend and be spent for the uplift of the race ministered to, and making a mission center a recognized boon to the humanity it reaches. When such an one does the work and preaches or teaches the Word, with it all goes that taking "knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus." That all amounts to this that He "who has made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the whole world," would have, at the point of contact the best type possible to influence the race reached. But in the sphere of that same influence converts are gathered who also stand tests of character and type that rank high. Martyr converts there have been in abundance to prove this. The distinct phenomenon then is that where there is the true spirit of Christ, races at the point of contact develop the higher qualities, and that when imbued with that spirit one goes over the line to help the other race, like evokes like, and the higher type, let us say of an American missionary, brings out the higher type of the Japanese. This is one side of the contrast.

And turn to that other and disturbing side, and that side that is perhaps more obvious and more widespread. Slum conditions in our great seaports are apt to show marked race jumblings. Their degradations are often the mutual dragging down of these of different colors. Bad makes bad. Lower type lowers type. Chinatowns, Red Light Districts, and all the centers of city life where plague spots exist and races are thrown together are crying evidence of race contacts which at the extreme of degeneracy exhibit the worst sampling of each race at the point of contact.

And so the startling contrast appeals to our civilization at home and abroad, Christ with Belial, mission with misery, noble manhood and womanhood grasping hands across the racial lines for mutual uplift and sinking manhood and womanhood across the same lines pulling each other down. On the simple matter of promotion of human progress, on the primary question of the refuge and rescue of civilization itself, such phenomena everywhere would seem to silence the obstructor of the messenger of Christ, which is only another name for missionaries, and to stimulate thought in world terms that would make a new era in the propagation of the message of race betterment. And as in America we have had an almost unparalleled history of race contacts, white with the aboriginal red, white with the imported black, white with the yellow and brown overflow from the Orient and the Islands of the Sea, and all these colors with each other, we should be especially keen to lay this remedial course of uplift severely to heart. And we have the object lesson of a General Armstrong bringing out a Booker Washington, of a Dr. Breck and a Bishop Whipple bringing out an Emmagabowgh, and many another familiar illustration of best calling out best at point of race contact.

And if missionary effort viewed from the dimension of bulk sometimes seems so infinitesimal, and by count of noses and statistics the forces seem so lost in the hundreds of millions of population with which they are dealing, let us be quick to remember that bulk is not by any means the principal guage of result. The "drop in the bucket" or the "what are they among so many" kind of approach to an estimate is not the intelligent nor philosophical one. As a leader in the missionary field has sagaciously put it, "the *germ* theory is the proper one to have

in mind as you think upon missionary accomplishment." A little germ once introduced into the system does not function in proportion to its relative size as compared with the human body. Indeed it may be microscopic and the body huge. But once in it permeates throughout the system from its properties of circulation. The little speck transforms the whole vitality, and the little band of faithful missionaries fringing the heathen myriads that in numerical statistics to many have seemed so negligible, and to some so impossible, have had not a little to do with revolutionizing great Empires. Let thoughtful people but disabuse their minds of the bulk notion and discern the germ power of Christ that "cometh without observation" and it will dawn upon them that the "right hand of the Lord it is that bringeth mighty things to pass" with the races of men. Japan, we are told, is allowing its *Bushido*, its ancient code of Chivalry to slip away. Race regeneration, if it is to come, can come from Christian contacts, if Christianity is true to itself and to its Christ.

PLOUGHING THE PACIFIC

THE "*Toyo Kisen Kabushiki Kaisha S. S. Tenyo Maru*, Voyage 16" on our Table Seat Card, was in evidence of Japanese enterprise in shipping matters on the Pacific as we settled down in that large comfortable "Liner" for our voyage across the ocean. And Captain Ernest Bent, an English master with Japanese officers under him, we found to be a guarantee of safety and courtesy as well as a further evidence of Japanese aptitude in working their gradual transition into a traffic power on the Pacific. Passengers like to get to know an agreeable captain at his table. But they also like to know that he is on the "bridge" when weather or sea or close coast sounding need attention. And no higher compliment could be paid to our captain than to say he admirably filled both of these positions. And a ship discipline certainly cannot be the easier when officers as well as crew are of different races, and the order was unruffled as was in remarkable degree the sea itself, on our way over. Going out of Yokohama things looked typhoony for a while and a heavy slap of a wave against the high windows of the dining saloon when we were at dinner gave us that kind of a sea jolt which seems to say "cheer up, the worst is yet to come," but we fortunately were only on the edge of the storm and soon ran out of it. Even with the big ships typhoons give navigators something to think about, and we were fortunate in the Orient in just missing those dread tossers more than once. Harbor and coast currents too have their own menace, and we passed when outward bound from

Yokohama the large Canadian Pacific Steamer "Empress of China" on the rocks, having been diverted from her course as was supposed by subtle currents. The longer voyage across the Pacific differs in some respects from the "ferry transit" of the Atlantic, and especially in the extended comradeship of the ship's company. An old friend too was found aboard, Mrs. Welch of Stockton. But there were also way-passengers, and among them Dr. Timothy Edwards, who was *en route* from Shanghai to Japan, proved to be very helpful to the Saunterer in gathering up his impressions of China. Dr. Edwards, as a veteran missionary of the Baptist Church, is the author of the "New Testament of Higher Buddhism" and of other works. His long and close study of Buddhism had convinced him that a change came over the older Buddhism, beginning about the first century of the Christian Era—it may be from some possible contacts with St. Thomas Christians of India—and that what we should call a kind of then "modernism" was introduced into it. One feature of this change was a revision of the old tenet of re-incarnation in the direction of advancing from a process with no constant Divine agency into one where distinct Divine agency was affirmed as a factor co-operating in the process. Knowing localities as he did Dr. Edwards also pointed out a sharply outlined bluff in Japan near Nagasaki from which many Christians were pushed into the sea under the persecution of them in the seventeenth century.

If we were attempting pen pictures of scenery in these Saunterings, as we are not, many a fascinating outlook on land and water would find its record in the "log" of a trans-Pacific voyage with its landfalls and anchorages. Fujiyama alone would be entitled to much space. And one moonlit evening on the

Steamer
"Tenyo Maru"

"A steady ship
* * * *
With all her bravery
on and tackle trim."

water, with the twinkling of many lights from fleets of fishing boats in the distance, and the play of lightning over clouds far astern would afford the *motif* for enthusiastic, if not novel nor worthy description. And in a more practical chapter could be detailed the contrast the Saunterer found between the marvel of machinery he first saw as a boy visitor on the "Great Eastern" and later as a passenger on the "Germanic" about a generation ago, and that with expansion of power and singular contraction of bulk space and enginery in the triple screw mechanism of the "Tenyo Maru." And the descent into the lower parts of the ship was supplemented through the invitation of Captain Bent by a visit to some of the higher parts. In the office of the bridge, charts and courses were explained to the Saunterer. At the time we were at a point where the water was three miles deep. It was evident, too, that the compass as a figure for the human conscience could not be fully pressed, as there were by the bridge three compasses on three different levels and no two agreeing to an exactitude. Three consciences in the same individual would not do at all, even though weak human nature is sometimes accredited with *two*.

Of course the "wireless" man, a young Japanese, in his "lightning shop" aloft on the sky deck—and he is a kind of new exhibit of a "sky pilot"—practices his wizardry to the admiration of all. We had the customary bulletin of world news at our plates on going to dinner and invitations and greetings were often passing from ship to shore. Nobody now can quote Horace's "*Dissociabilis Oceanus*" without running the risk of being classified as "a land lubber *lying* down below."

Then for the first time in his life the Saunterer had two Mondays following each other. Fortunately

for the Parson there was nothing like a double dose of "Blue Monday!" On the contrary the sensation was rather enjoyable, like extending a happy "week end." As we had "chased the sun" all the way around we did not have the often commented upon experience of those who first "drop a day" in going from the United States over the Pacific to the Orient and then pick it up again on their return. Extracts from Phillips Brooks' note book, given in his life, are characteristic, as he had the experience. On the day omitted he writes: "Monday, July 1st. (1889). The lost day! Think what might have come of it! The undone deeds! The unsaid words!" Certainly, he had no reason to be pensive over a "day lost" in the sense in which the phrase was used by another: "I deem that day lost which has no good deed to its credit." Then on his return Phillips Brooks again comments: "Losing a Tuesday going over and picking up a Thursday coming back. August 28th, 1889, lived twice on the Pacific." And how little could that great lover of "the Hub" have intended the "fortuitous concourse" of having a note like that in immediate association in his journal with a memorandum of a day on the far-off Pacific "lived twice," to-wit: "The Shinto (Ancestor-worship) of Boston!"

It was with no little gratification that this Japanese ship was found amply provided with prayer books and hymnals and in the spacious cabin reverent and largely attended services were held on the Sundays with ready co-operation in the music and good responses.

Abundant provision was made for occupation and entertainment on the extended voyage. A library for the bookish, piano and graphophone for the musically inclined, bathing tank forward for the swimmers, baseball for active athletes, and the other more usual

ship games. Then the steerage passengers, mostly Japanese, gave frequent exhibitions of wrestling, acting, etc., which were of the nature of National Character-sketches. The Saunterer had laid in a good stock of "The Wisdom of the East Series," published by John Murray, London, giving expert information about the great Religions of the Orient, with many first hand extracts from authoritative documents. The reading of them just after his outlook upon Oriental life seemed to him to make them welcome to any one in sympathy with the object stated in the common editorial note of Messrs. Cranmer Byng and S. A. Kapadin, "They desire above all things"—so the note avows—"that in their humble way these books shall be the ambassadors of good will and understanding between the East and the West—the Old world of Thought and the New of Action . . . They are confident that a deeper knowledge of the great ideals and lofty philosophy of Oriental thought may help to a revival of that true spirit of Charity which neither depresses nor fears the nations of another Creed and Color."

Moreover, much of this "Wisdom of the East" is of that dreamy, mystic, Nirvana character like Lao Tzu's "Doctrine of Inaction," which seems to befit a steamer chair literature on a sunny deck, when the eyes lifted from the page are met everywhere beyond the rail with the strange spell of the ocean and the reader drops off into his own dreamland. If there is the mystic sense of gloom and glory under the spell of the sky-line of great mountain peaks there is certainly soothing and searching of spirit in scanning the horizon waterlines of the sky as the voyager speeds along over the sea in its gentler moods.

HONOLULU AND THE HOME-COMING

THE last arc of the globe circuit, the home-stretch from Honolulu to San Francisco, was signalized first by a wireless invitation received the day before we reached Honolulu, from Bishop Restarick and the Men's Club to lunch with them during our stop there. "Bird Island" and "Egg Island" like lonely outposts for the approach to Hawaii, jutting up out of the ocean, were menacing signs that we were nearing larger land. The Saunterer had not visited Honolulu since 1902, when he was sent to represent the Presiding Bishop in accepting the formal transfer of that See by Bishop Willis, its devoted Head for many years, to the American Church. The interval had given time to note how admirably Bishop Restarick and his clergy and laity had built upon the foundations and enlarged the life and influence of the Church. The completion of the fine Cathedral, the new buildings erected in the Cathedral Close, with their healthy institutional life, the well-established Seamen's Institute, the extension of the work outside the See City and in the other Islands of the Territory and the general factorship of the Church in the community, all was most notable. And the renewing of old friendships and the alert hospitality of Bishop and Mrs. Restarick, General Davis and Major Davis and others was a sort of foretaste of the return to San Francisco itself—fragrant as a sandal-wood fire on the hearth, before which in a cabin on the heights of Palehua with our genial hosts, Mr. and Mrs. von Holt, it was at that former visit the unique privilege of the Saunterer to sit.

As day followed day, more "motion" and cooler air and the passing of outbound steamers—our isolation on the great waters had been emphasized hitherto by our seeing almost no craft of any sort between ports—were all helping us in our glad realization of nearness to the California coast. And on Thursday, August 24th, whistlings and sirens awoke us early to see the familiar Farallones.

Soon anchored at quarantine, by the courtesy of Mr. Stratton, Collector of the Port, Archdeacon Emery came aboard from the launch to welcome us, and as we neared the landing, a large group of clergy and laity greeted us. Again, by the courtesy of the Collector, we were detained but a short time on the wharf for the thorough customs examination, and Mrs. Monteagle with her car soon took us to our home where many flowers and a happy family reunion awaited us. The Early Celebration the next morning in the private chapel best expressed our gratitude for the singular blessings and mercies of our "World Encompassed" and of the Diocese in the absence. The pathetic accident which took from us Cecil Marrack in his promising young manhood and injured others of the clergy, of which tidings could not reach the Saunterer until a month after it happened, owing to his Trans-Siberian journey, had left the sad vacancy. But the Archdeacon and the Standing Committee and all had given especial attention to Diocesan details so that there was little or no arrearage of Episcopal work. And to crown the whole undertaking of the Diocese in connection with the twentieth anniversary there was a welcome home luncheon of the clergy and laity and a great reception at the Palace Hotel by the church people and friends, with greetings that went to the Saunterer's heart from the Rev. Dr. Bakewell, Mr. George E. Butler and others.

The late critics of the old hymn "Coronation" may have been justified in eliminating the words "terrestrial *ball*" by canons of poetic taste, but the Saunterer had no manner of doubt of the accuracy of the description completing his "World Circuit." And he put some of the deeper sentiment of it all in the Pastoral Letter issued soon after his return, as follows:

DIOCESE OF CALIFORNIA.

My Dear People:

Full of gratitude to God and to you is my happy home-coming. For all the freedom from ill in the "journeyings oft," for the buoyant health to enjoy each day as it came and for the preservation from harm of the dear ones at home, for the wider vision from travel as for all the countless blessings of His merciful providence to mine and to me in our trip around the world the Heavenly Father's name be praised! And to you of the Diocese who planned this surprise for my twentieth anniversary in 1910 and made such bountiful provision for Mrs. Nichols and my daughter to enjoy it with me and so for me to enjoy it so completely with them, again with the actual experience of it all now outreaching anything that I could—and I doubt whether you could—anticipate in both pleasure and profit, I thank you from a feeling sounding the very depths of our now more than twenty-one years of association in my sacred office. And the group on the wharf, the many messages, the fragrance of the flowers that filled home and office and all the thought to speed our journey to our home have thrown a glow of welcome over every one of these first days with you again. And with the same thoughtful consideration that proffered the leave of absence and then extended it, the Standing Committee have not only acted

most relievingly as the Ecclesiastical Authority, but they and the Archdeacon and one and all throughout the Diocese have studiously kept me immune from all Diocesan care, not to say current thought of things happening, so that, save in our common sorrow at the tragic though triumphant death of dear Mr. Marrack in the splendid promise for the ministry of his young manhood, and some sad changes in other homes, the period away has been one singularly adjusted to that fallow condition of heart and mind which is such a boon for recuperation in them, as for material fields.

A consideration which has had some solace with me in realizing that such a privilege had come to me to which on any ground of faithfulness or stewardship in duty I was no more entitled than many others of the clergy and laity in the Diocese, is the hope and purpose that out of it for the remaining years of my Episcopate I may be enabled to turn the office to higher account for the work. Your generous wherewithal ought at least to bring that return as an investment.

The passing through many lands and phases of world-life in circling the earth leaves one with complex impressions, for the analysis of which a lifetime is none too much. The film, so to speak, exposed to the moving scenes requires a long time for their full development. We are all prone to hasty generalizations and must not be too quick to draw our conclusions from what we see from a car window or take as snap-shots anywhere. Travelers' tales sometimes seem least accurate to those really best and most carefully informed about their topics. I venture to think, however, that there are some things clearly and conclusively determined by such an experience which may have a value of their own in our common hope and effort for Christ and the Church.

To visit Palestine and Syria, parts of that great peninsula of Arabia from which it has been noted came originally the three highest faiths and only universal religions of the world—Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism—is to be impressed anew with the profound truth of history that, as Carlyle has well put it, "The most important fact about any nation is its religion." We need to constantly remind ourselves of the taking this for granted in the Bible as essentially and fully as every part of the mighty ship must take for granted the most important fact about it which is that the whole ship floats. The fundamental command in the Old Testament is *not* to have the one religion as contrasted with *no* religion, the one God as over against no God, but Thou shalt have no *other gods* before me. That is, your religion being the vital question, as a people, by common consent, and there being no manner of doubt that your main racial or individual trait is just that, you must keep it true. The same thing is exhibited in His underlying knowledge of mankind when our Lord gave that primary charge to His Apostles to "make disciples of all nations." As nations as well as individuals their discipleship was the determining trait, whether to Christ or some other one. It perhaps presents this old truth to us in local and present day appraisal to say that it amounts to this: In any bringing together of world notes of progress or hall marks of pure civilization, say as in our World's Fair, the highest awards of all would belong in the Department of Religion, if it were practicable, as it is not, to have such a department judged, as history has judged, is everywhere judging and will judge it.

Next, if religion is the most important fact of any race or nation, the most crucial test of the religion of any race or nation is the racial or national conscience.

Bishop's House, 2515 Webster Street, San Francisco

Tu, Domine, benedic hanc familiam Tuam. Prayer from old Communion Office over the hearthstone of the Library in the Bishop's House.

We may use of it the familiar term, "the public conscience." We do not need to go away from home to appreciate the menace there is to national welfare in any weakening or searing the public conscience. The citizen, to say nothing of the Christian, must be dense or deluded who does not know where it would ultimately land us, if for example, ordinary honesty should pass from being common to being uncommon in business or in politics. There is no such thing possible as a Conscienceless Christian Civilization. But even a cursory observer of life in that great Orient can see that it is showing signs and stirrings of new pulsations as if there were to be wider movement to act upon the maxim of one of its great sages, Lao Tsu, "Live in harmony with your age." And one can hardly fail to note on the distinctly positive side of all this both the dawning of a sense of *lack* of public conscience and, in some quarters at least, a groping for it. Egypt, Syria, Palestine, China, Japan, all in varying degrees and with conditions so formidable that they are the despair rather than the hope of many, seem to be in this process of self-discovery. In the instinct for constitutional reform which is in its earliest stages in Turkey and China, and in Russia, for example, there is well marked hunger for righteousness which has in it none other than a national beatitude for public conscience, if they will but know it. I cannot, of course, take time here to marshal the data for this or to follow these great world facts into several suggestive lines of treatment that appeal to a thoughtful student of them. Suffice it to say that contact with them has had the effect upon me of fanning a new enthusiasm for humanity, and not only that but also of kindling anew an earnest wish to try to pass that enthusiasm along to others and so to every one I can reach or influence in the Diocese. And my heart

yearns to serve my clergy and Diocese as I have never served them before.

And one peculiarity of this enthusiasm is that somehow it seems different from the old familiar impulse to "push Church work." It is no mere conventional missionary motive warmed over. The map of mankind becomes vastly scaled up. Every ruined temple of past civilizations, every mosque and synagogue vocal today with human voices is visionful of opportunity because it proves when all is said and done in the generations of men that *thc ehief concern is religion*, however much any passing absorptions of any place or statesman or age or philosophers may obscure that. And if that religion has not dowered its people with public conscience its doom is sealed. And whatever elements of wholesome life it may have contained (and all the great religions in theory afford some) unless it creates and conserves a public conscience, in so far as it fails in that, it becomes decadent. Here is a thrilling conception of what Christ contributes to civilization, if his followers will once take it seriously and act upon it! The public conscience must be the final test of Christian civilization.

To catch the spirit of such a cause for Christianity and the Church is in itself invigorating and elevating. If I may coin an awkward but expressive word, it makes us *civilizationaries* just because we are missionaries. It helps us to become big-eyed, not short-sighted in outlook; we lose pettiness of self or sphere in the vision. And if you ask me how as clergy and laity of the Diocese we are practically to put ourselves more fully under the power of such an enthusiasm, I will venture to suggest two very definite ways:

First: We must all realize and deepen our call to *service* for our fellow man, constrained by that so

mystical and yet so convincing and precious power in the heart, which is Christ's gift to us, of love. That must be the deep down spur to service. Our credentials as Christians must show that we are trying to be of some use to our world wherever it may lie. The searching question for each of us is, where can I point my finger at any such service I am doing today?

And the next answer I would offer is that and above the personal service we can render to those with whom we come into direct relation, we must provide out of what God gives us, for proxy service to those who are out of range of our personal power or touch. That is our call to do our part in Christian civilization as the Orient needs it.

Let us of the clergy more faithfully carry into effect our purpose to set an example by ever more widely putting aside from our incomes stated regular amounts for this purpose. And let our laity supply the part that needs most strengthening in our offering systems, that of *self-apportionment*, back of all other steps and systems of Church apportionments, of what they ought to give based upon careful estimates and percentages on their own initiative, as God has prospered them.

Public conscience among Christians in this one particular of loving service to our fellow men and of giving on principle to further it in all the earth would be a most practical and effective agency to quicken and maintain a healthy public conscience in all our civic as well as Church affairs. After all, public conscience is but the aggregate of private conscience. Let us take seriously this truth that the most important fact about any one of us is our personal religion, that it is the best justification of our place in modern civilization, the most pressing debt we owe to our age and ourselves, the very

vitality to be fed by Sacrament and by Church. And the personal audit of that personal religion is itself an examination of the showing how far we are "making a conscience of our ways." This public conscience of the Christian community must shape that of the Christian nations as that of the Christian nations must shape that of the Christian civilization of the world, when the kingdoms of the world become the Kingdom of Christ.

Rejoicing to be with you again and praying that one and all may be blessed with high endeavor to share in this glorious opening of our century and our civilization for Christ,

I am, my dear people,

Yours very faithfully and affectionately,

WILLIAM F. NICHOLS.

Bishop's Office,
Diocesan House,
San Francisco,
24 August, 1911.

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HERE ENDS SOME WORLD-CIRCUIT SAUNTERINGS, AS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM FORD NICHOLS, BISHOP OF CALIFORNIA, AFTER HIS SAUNTERINGS AROUND THE WORLD. PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM BY PAUL ELDER & COMPANY, AND SEEN THROUGH THEIR TOMOYE PRESS BY JOHN SWART, IN THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO, DURING THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN.